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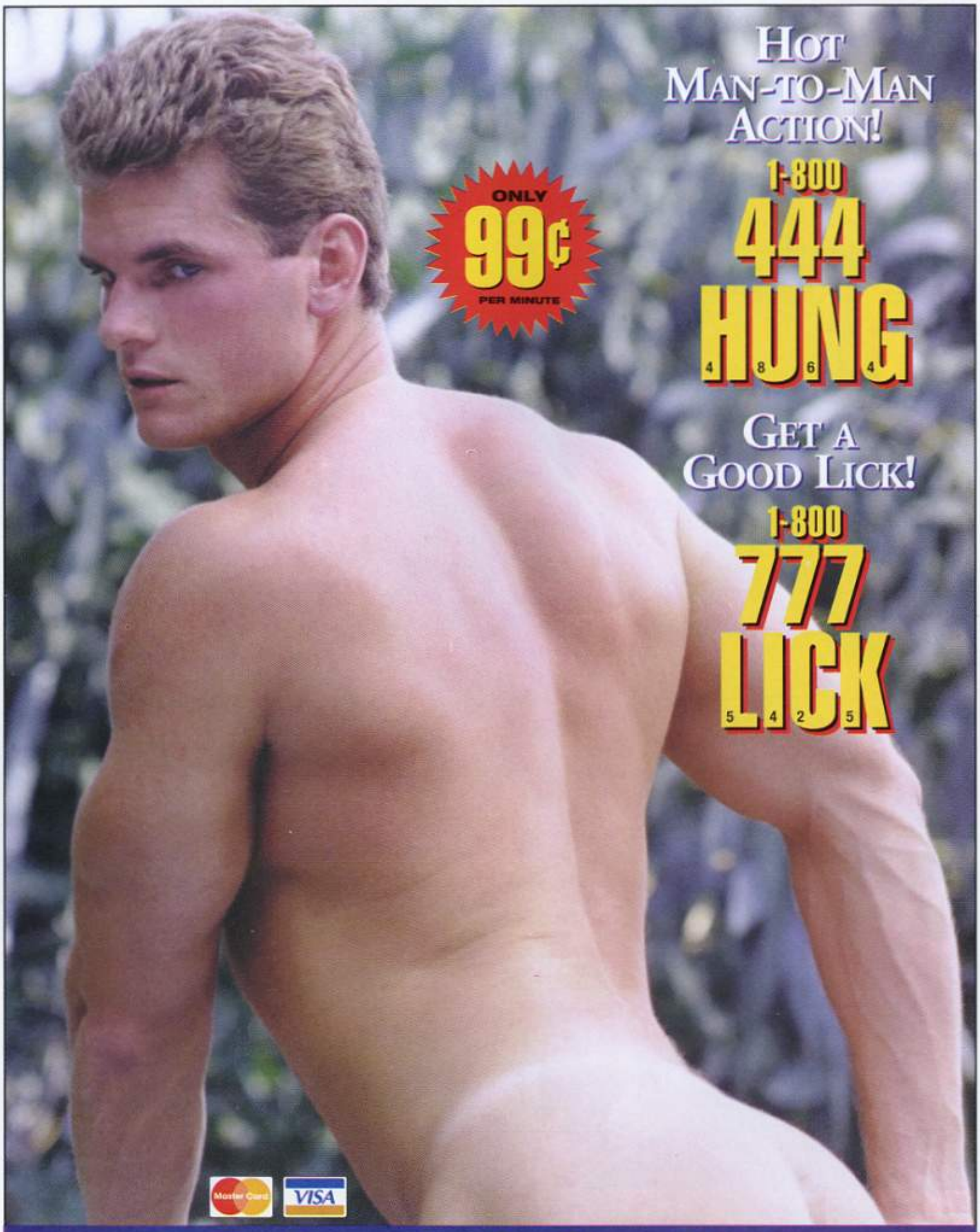

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Kevin Kramer
May 1995
OLIVIER

letters

COME AGAIN?
Kevin Kramer [May 1995], go to your room! What a great–I mean, bad–boy Kevin is. He made me come three times today, and it's not even noon!

D.C.
Kansas City, Mo.

[*Not* even *noon? Sir, around here we say that's getting the day off to a slow start.* –Ed.]

DO TELL
I don't write to models or publications, but after looking at Kevin Kramer in your underwear issue, I decided I must. He is the hottest thing I've seen in months–maybe years. That boy butt–wow, what I could do with it!

B.G.
Omaha, Neb.

BABY, I'M GONNA KEEP ON CLOTHING YOU
Just when I thought you couldn't get any better. Kevin Kramer is hot, hot, hot! Am I weird, or is there anybody else who thinks the sexiest picture is the one where Kevin still has clothes on? And his smile! Keep showing smiling guys–they are incredibly sexy.

M.K.
Charlotte, Mich.

PEARLY WHITES, CLOROX WHITES
Kevin Kramer is a real sweetheart. And finally–smiles from a model! He looks like the wholesome, tanned boys you find here in Iowa. His underwear spread made me want to go out and buy new underwear. But better yet, send me all the underwear he wore in his photo shoot!

R.G.
Marshalltown, Iowa

L'CHAYIM
Thank you, thank you, thank you. As soon as I saw your May cover boy, Kevin Kramer, I knew it was going to be a great issue. I popped my cork as soon as I saw him. He is perfect, and his hole is made for licking. I could kiss him from head to toe.

N.R.
Perth Amboy, N.J.

DUSTED
I would be more than happy to powder Kevin Kramer's ass anytime! But I wouldn't diaper him afterward; I would let him run around my house and garden buck naked.

And a few pages after Kevin was Leonardo! Is this the perfect example of a beautiful, sexy man or what! He's too much. Just perfect. Just right. I could have all his children! What else can I say? It would fill a magazine in itself.

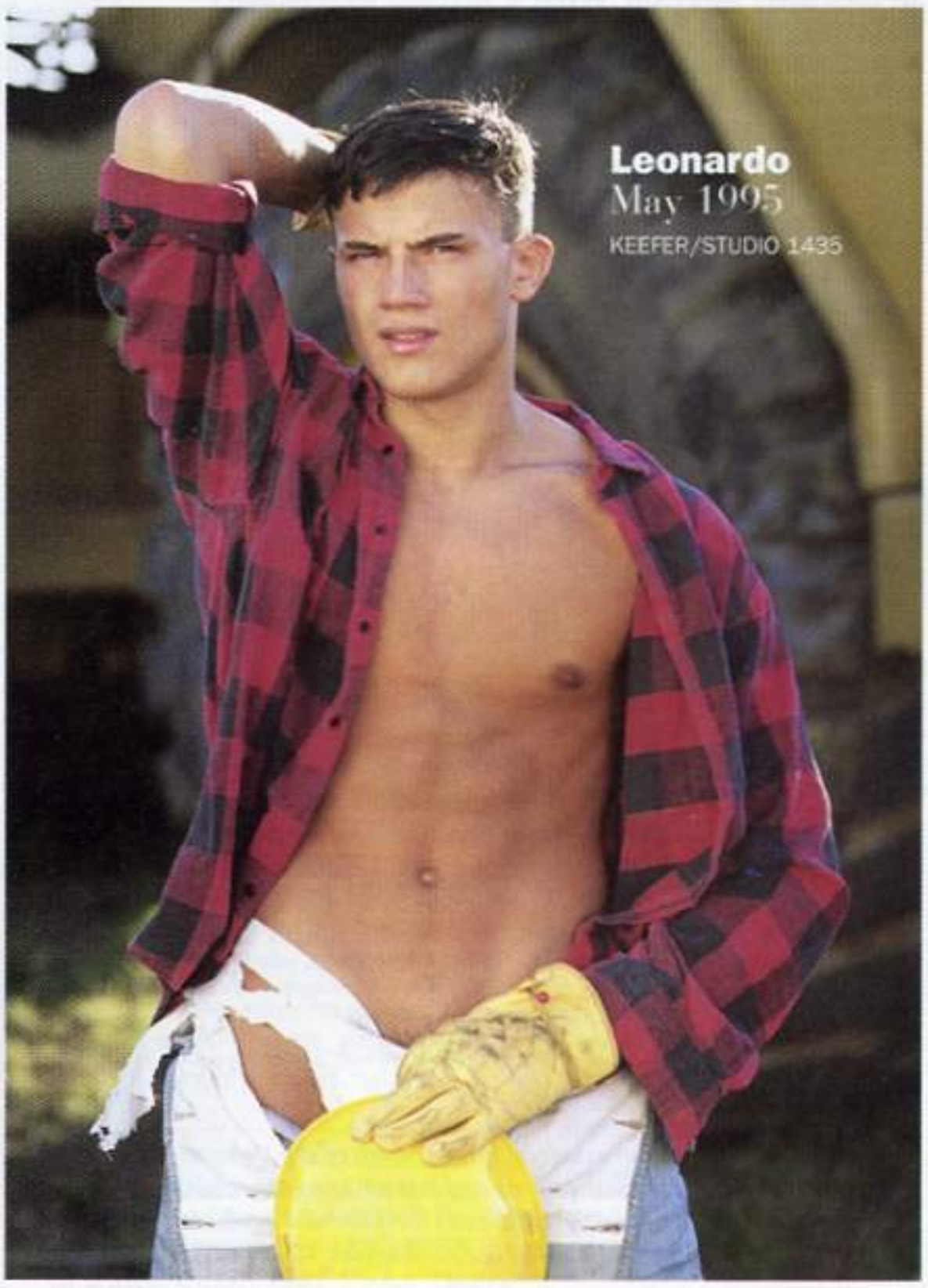
Actually, the whole idea of an underwear-fetish issue was terrific. Do it to me one more time.

A.A.
New York, N.Y.

DREAM LOVER
Leonardo is *everything* I have ever dreamed of. The great chest, the boxer shorts, the work boots, the hard hat, the light hair on his legs–even his haircut. This is the ultimate in gorgeous young men. Please–let's see more of him soon.

D.A.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP
I'm so glad I stopped by the local bookstore to pick up your May issue before it was yanked off the shelf. I stood there flipping through the pages until I came to Leonardo. The pounding pulse began in my mouth and traveled all the way down to my loins. His pictorial left me speechless and flustered. That shot of him squatting



letters

on the bulldozer was the best of all! With his muscular legs spread and his hard tool sticking straight out, I wanted to jump right into that picture, take the tip of my dripping tongue, and lick his huge piss hole. He can squat in front of me anytime.

T.K.
Walled Lake, Mich.

HIS CREDIT'S GOOD HERE

Your May 1995 issue was awesome, and the credit goes to Leonardo. He's the best. Man, where did you find him? It's nice to know that great-looking men like Leonardo are out there.

J.S.
Weatogue, Conn.

BLUE-LIGHT SPECIAL WITH A ROUND RED NOSE?

Stop clowning around. I was looking forward to the May issue because I have a major underwear fetish. However, I was very disappointed. Ten pages of a Kmart ad! Give me the boy next door, not Bozo!

I'm in love with Leonardo; please let him know. Also, Peter Corman has a free tongue bath awaiting him anytime he's ready.

J.D.
Buffalo, N.Y.

AH, THOSE LENGTHY LOVE AFFAIRS

After seeing Benjy Sanders in your February 1995 issue, I thought I would never see anyone that handsome again in my lifetime. However, you guys did it! Peter Corman is just as handsome—if not more! Your magazine is truly tops.

D.M.
Salt Lake City, Utah

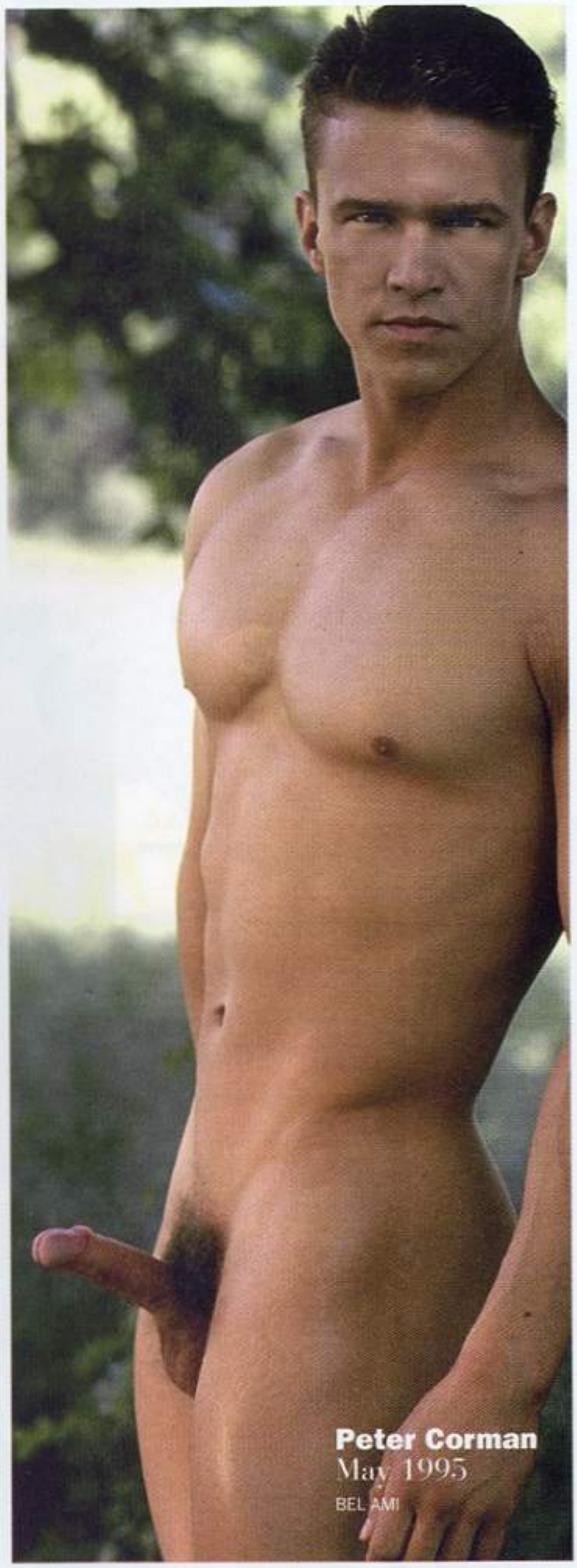
[*Please, don't try to label me.*—Ed.]

BULL'S-EYE

I've allowed my other magazine subscriptions to expire because I get everything I need from *FRESHMEN*. I score my models by how far I shoot my load. Most models make me shoot to my chest, but Peter Corman made me hit the wall above my head. Man, you really hit a nerve when you gave me this fuck boy. I simply must have this man for myself. He is perfect in every way imaginable.

E.B.
Portland, Ore.

We welcome letters from readers, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we cannot forward letters to our models, nor can we give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to* FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4571, Los Angeles, CA 90078.



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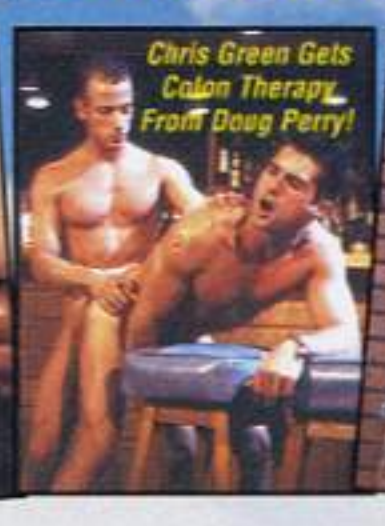

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Rick Drake

"I love fucking, and I'm getting into piss and shaving. I'm opening my horizons and getting into everything I can."

Meet Rick Drake

by Jamoo

Australia has long been known for—among other rare and extravagant beasts—its ultrasexy men, and young Rick Drake is no exception. A mere 23 years old and a fairly recent transplant to Los Angeles, Rick is one import from Down Under for which gay-porn aficionados the world over can be truly grateful. An exotic mixture of Australian and Asian cultures, this 5-foot-10, 165-pound dancer has a beautiful seven-inch uncut cock, and he genuinely loves to get plowed—hard. Rick threatened to melt smut fans' VCRs with his incendiary performance in Hot House's *Another Man's Pleasure*, and now, with his role-playing skills perfected, he's well on his way to becoming the next big superstar bottom. One recent afternoon he dropped by my apartment to talk about his life: how old he was when he realized he was gay, what it's like for a bubble-butted Aussie boy to get fucked by foot-long cocks, why he used to be in the habit of jacking off cabdrivers—and why he likes to insert ripe bananas up other guys' butts.

PHOTOS COURTESY HOT HOUSE

Jamoo: How long have you been in the United States?
Rick: I arrived here July 24, 1994.
Jamoo: And how did you get sucked into porn?
Rick: I got in debt and needed money and knew I had to do it. So I did a movie and got off the set thinking I was good at it and continued doing it.
Jamoo: And you *are* good at it! What was your first movie?
Rick: *Measuring Up.*
Jamoo: Who were you with in that?
Rick: I was with what's-his-name—I don't remember, but he had a big, huge dick.
Jamoo: And you liked that?
Rick: It was a hot scene, and it was over in 2½ hours. It was awkward and hard, and I was on a deck chair. A lot of people say it was hot sex. I can give 'em good sex. I always give 'em what they want to see.
Jamoo: Oh, I agree. I've seen your films.
Rick: Sometimes I think I'm *too* good! I'm only joking.
Jamoo: Were you always a show-off? I mean, did you like showing your body off?
Rick: Well, I've never been complimented on my body. I've always been scared of the muscle boys, but I'm not gonna let them scare me anymore. I know there's lots of people who like my size. Sometimes I do like showing my body off. I was seen every day in Hollywood wearing short, short

shorts. If I'm feeling good, I like showing my body off.

Jamoo: Did you ever do anything in Australia like stripping or dancing?

Rick: I choreographed many strip shows, being a dancer. I did choreography for Manpower, which is an Australian male strip group. I have stripped, but I'm a dancer, and I'd rather do that than strip.

Jamoo: And you're gay?

Rick: Very gay.

Jamoo: Great! You wouldn't believe the guys I interview who say they're straight.

Rick: Oh, those sad ones.

Jamoo: So you just came to L.A., and then how did you start? I mean, did you see an ad, or did someone just say, "Hey, do you wanna do this movie?"

Rick: There was a guy that was getting me some dance work, and he kept saying he could get me into videos, but I just knew he wasn't the right person. I knew. I said, "No, no, no, no!" And then I asked this guy I was dancing with if he could put me on to somebody, and he put me on to Hot House. I actually lived with Hot House for three months—Steve [Scarborough] and Craig—and they signed me exclusively.

Jamoo: And how many films did you do for them?

Rick: Two.

Jamoo: Are you always a bottom in your films?

Rick: Yeah. But I could do top because I know what turns me on as a bottom.

Jamoo: And what do you like as a bottom?

Rick: I like it hard; it's gotta be hard. Sometimes I think I need too much. I want people with too much energy, and sometimes they can't give it. It's gotta be hard.

Jamoo: Are you a size queen?

Rick: [*Laughs*] All my movies have been with big boys! People like to use me with big dicks. In the new Falcon movie, *The Other Side of Aspen 3*, I'm with two big, big boys: Kevin Dean and a French-Canadian boy. And John Rutherford, the director, wanted to do a double fuck, which I could have done, but the scene just went on too long, and by the end of the day, I was tired. I am going to do a double fuck, but I want to make sure it's with a good company.

Jamoo: What was growing up in Ambon like?

Rick: I didn't grow up in Ambon. I grew up in Melbourne, Australia.

Jamoo: What was that like?

Rick: Very, very conservative. I hated it. I hated Melbourne, which is very clean and a beautiful city but very conservative. I'm not the kind of person who can stand up on the wall all night and say I'm having a good time, and I don't dress up to go out. Sydney is fun.

Jamoo: I've heard it has a large gay population.

Rick: Very large, and it's fun, so much fun.

Jamoo: Do you miss it?

Rick: I don't miss it, because I can carry it on here. Americans love me for that—they love my energy and my fun. I'm always giving 'em a good time, and they say I'm a pig because I love to have a good time and a fun party. And it's true.

Jamoo: So your mother is a white Australian?

Rick: Yeah, she was just over here recently.

Jamoo: And your father is black?

Rick: Yeah, he's black. He's Dutch Amboinese—from Ambon, which is an island between Jakarta and New Guinea—a native Asian.

Jamoo: Was it hard for you growing up being mixed race but looking white?

Rick: No. I came from a very, very rough neighborhood and have three brothers and one sister, and they were always rough boys who loved to fight. My family was, like, *the* family in the neighborhood, and we were known as the toughest, so I had it easy. Even though I was gay, they loved me. I had a very good childhood! I've been very lucky being accepted as gay, and I think it's 'cause of my honesty too. I'm very honest.

Jamoo: Your family knows you're gay?

Rick: Yeah, I told them the minute I could when I was 17.

Jamoo: So you always knew you were gay?

Rick: Yeah. I had an old man fiddle with me when I was younger for three years, but I wouldn't blame him. I always played with the other boys when I was younger. I feel lucky that I had a good childhood. I was accepted. I'm easy to get along with.

Jamoo: What about now? Tell me what you like to do sexually. What turns Rick Drake on?

Rick: [*Laughs*] You can ask Steven Scarborough that!

Jamoo: All right, I will.

Rick: I'm sure Steven Scarborough would tell you something that turns me on. He's gonna love me doing this.

Jamoo: What—about spanking?

Rick: Not just spanking. I really like gettin' into it heavy. I like gettin' into some toys and stuff. I'm actually gettin' into leather.

Jamoo: S/M?

Rick: Yeah! I think I could really get into it.

Jamoo: Me too.

Rick: I had a couple of experiences with my ex-boyfriend. I want the mask and being tied up—everything—and I'm gonna do it!

Jamoo: What's the wildest place you've ever had sex?

Rick: I've had it everywhere, really. When I got here I was going around to all these sex clubs and parties about every other day and gettin' into some really heavy shit.

Jamoo: Like what?

Rick: Fisting.

Jamoo: Have you been fisted?

Rick: No! I tried, and it didn't work. I fisted two people; I had one hand in each.

Jamoo: Were they porn stars too?

Rick: No, I don't get turned-on by porn stars. The only porn I get turned-on by now is the old, old, unsafe ones.

Videography

Friction
Hot House

Another Man's Pleasure
Hot House

Hot Stuff
In Deep

The Other Side of Aspen 3
Falcon

As Big As They Come 2
Jocks

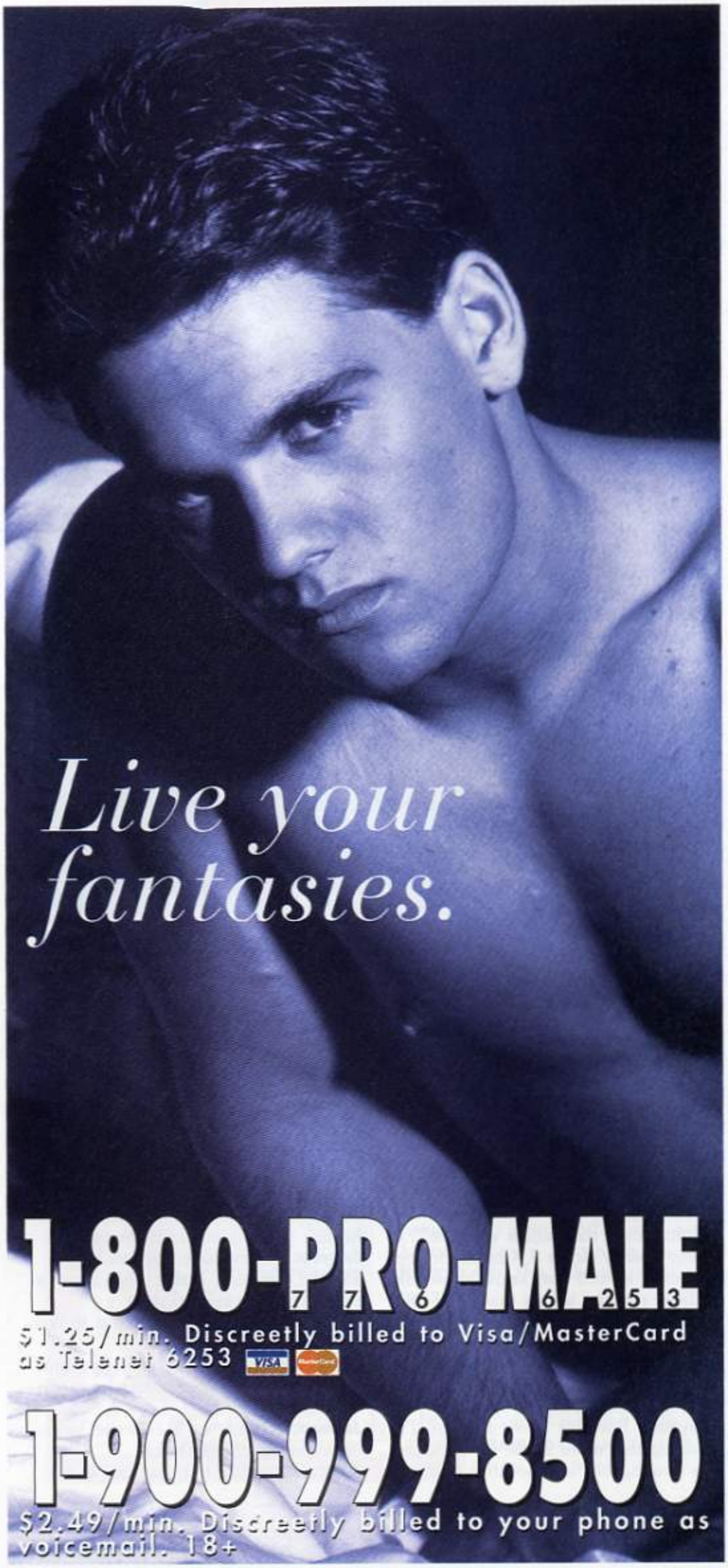
Measuring Up
Primo

Boot Black 2
HIS

Just One Flavor
Forum

Palm Springs Weekend
Catalina

Jamoo: Why?
Rick: Because it's unsafe—not that I am unsafe, because I'm safe to the max—but I find the old Falcon movies dirty and hot. I look at porn now and think, *I know you, and I know you,* and it's no fun.
Jamoo: Do you enjoy doing a scene though?
Rick: I don't enjoy it. Being a bottom is hard and tiring, and I've been known to be knocked out for two days after a scene. I did a leather movie recently for Sam Abdul, and I was in a sling, and this guy was throwing me about like you wouldn't believe. He was fucking me so hard, and just as I was about to come, the sling broke! That was probably the most enjoyable fuck I've ever had on the set.
Jamoo: Tell me about your "real" career.
Rick: Well, I originally came to the United States to dance. I did *Miss Saigon, Cats,* and *West Side Story.* I've been around the world dancing, and I thought the one challenge left was to come here and dance for Janet Jackson and Paula Abdul. So I got my act together and went to see one of the biggest dance agencies in L.A., and they accepted me. I really need to get back into dancing. Porn is something I do on the side, and I don't want to do it so much that I'll hate doing it. I don't want to make a career out of porn, and I never have and never will. It's good cash when you need it, and it certainly comes in handy.
Jamoo: What kind of guys do you like?
Rick: I like a very butch man—I'm not into queens! I don't care if he's big or not; I can't stand girlie men. I love a rough man, a real man, and they are hard to come by.
Jamoo: What porn stars would you like to have fuck you?
Rick: Ryan Idol, Jeff Stryker.
Jamoo: He's huge!
Rick: I've had bigger than Jeff.
Jamoo: I didn't know they grew 'em bigger than Jeff. Who?
Rick: Well, for example, Kevin Dean is 12 inches. And I've had Chad Donovan, and he's huge. Falcon must think I'm this walking big hole. They never put me with anyone small. Do you know what I mean?
Jamoo: Well, you seem to take it so well and enjoy it.
Rick: You've got to, do you know what I mean? You're getting paid to do something, and you should at least pretend you're enjoying it even when you're not.
Jamoo: What's your favorite thing to do—suck cock, eat ass, get fucked?
Rick: I won't eat ass with just anyone. I love fucking, and I'm getting into piss and shaving, like someone shaving my balls. I'm opening my horizons and getting into everything I can.
Jamoo: That's good. Try everything and see what you like.
Rick: Why not, fuckin' O! I find pissin' weird and a turn-on at the same time. One time I shoved a banana up someone's butt and mashed it and squashed it and then fucked him.
Jamoo: With the banana still up his ass?
Rick: [*Giggles*] Yeah!
Jamoo: What else have you done? I like this!
Rick: You know, Jamoo, I've done so much. I'm not your goody-goody, but I'm honest about that, you know?
Jamoo: You're a very nice person—it comes across when I'm talking to you. So tell me some more funny stories.
Rick: Well, in Sydney I used to have to jerk off taxi drivers because I had no money and needed to go home. I always looked out the window whenever I jerked them off, and they were usually hideous, and I'd be like, "Have you come yet? Have you come yet?" And I would always try to get a free fare out of a taxi driver for sex, and you know, most of the time it would work.
Jamoo: What is the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you involving your butt?
Rick: Doing the enema scene in *The Other Side of Aspen 3.* Chuck Holmes directed it, and you know those old rubber douche things that hang on a shower?
Jamoo: Yes.
Rick: Well, he said, "You better take at least 1¾ of that!" But they didn't say I could empty it—they just assumed I would know that—so I'm holding this water in me for ages, and it's coming out my mouth just about, and I had horrific pains. Being the good boy I was, I didn't want to tell them it was hurting. So I finally said, "Can I let this out?" And they said, "Yeah, whenever you want, let it out, let it out!" So I had kept all that damned water in me when I didn't really need to, and it was so weird. I'll let myself be made uncomfortable if it helps to get something done. Chuck Holmes told me later that it was the hottest enema scene he'd ever seen!
Jamoo: Do you have any fans?
Rick: I wouldn't know. My career is starting to be exposed now.
Jamoo: Well, keep exposing it. We love seeing it!
Rick: I just want to be happy and comfortable, and doing the porn movies helps.
Jamoo: I think we'll end the interview like that, Rick Drake.
Rick: Did ya like that, Jamoo? ●



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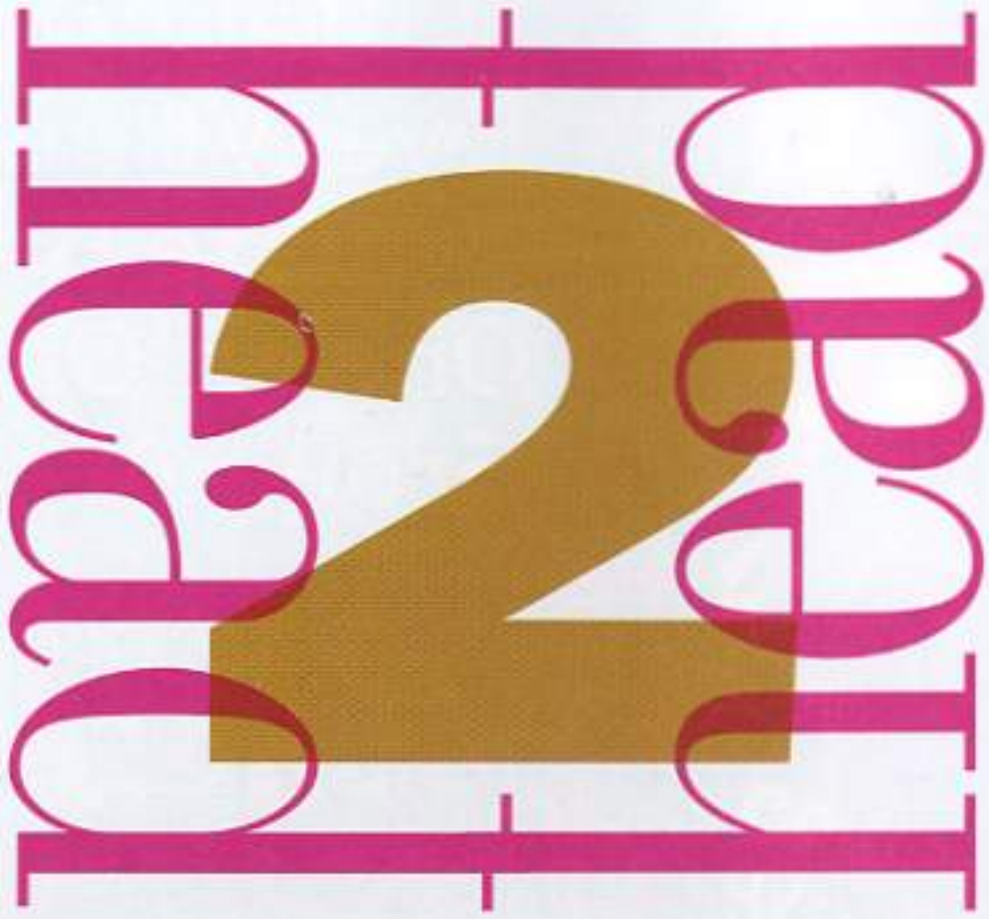
I really like to party when Saturday night



rolls around—you know, as a way of putting my long, hard workweek behind me. Often I get together with friends and stay up until dawn or even later; then, unless something more interesting is going on, I will let myself sleep through as much of Sunday as I want. I'm generally a little dragged-out for work on Monday, but I seem to get by and come around as strong as ever by Tuesday. A friend of mine has objected recently that my routine may be doing me harm, so I agreed to ask someone who might be in a position to know—and you're it. In case it matters, I'm 24 years old, HIV-negative, and otherwise in good health.

In 1994 researchers at the University of California, San Diego, deprived 23 healthy men of sleep for four hours in one night and found that as a result of that much sleep deprivation, the immune-system cells that resist viruses and cancer were, on balance, 28% less active for the men the following day. The men's immune systems functioned normally again after a full night's sleep. This study, while not definitive in any way, supports earlier research suggesting that sleep loss resulting from stress or depression damages the immune system, however temporarily, and that it is especially important for people with compromised immune systems to stay well-rested.

I'm not a physician, so you can't take what I'm saying as medical advice, but it sounds to me as if you're putting yourself a little bit at risk every week and that over time your lifestyle will take its toll on you. Since you describe yourself as young and healthy, I doubt that your weekly partying will drop you all of a sudden. At the same time you should be aware that you are probably placing yourself at increased risk for a wide variety of ailments by spending your weekends as you do and that over time you may find that your friend is right: that you are, in fact, doing yourself harm.

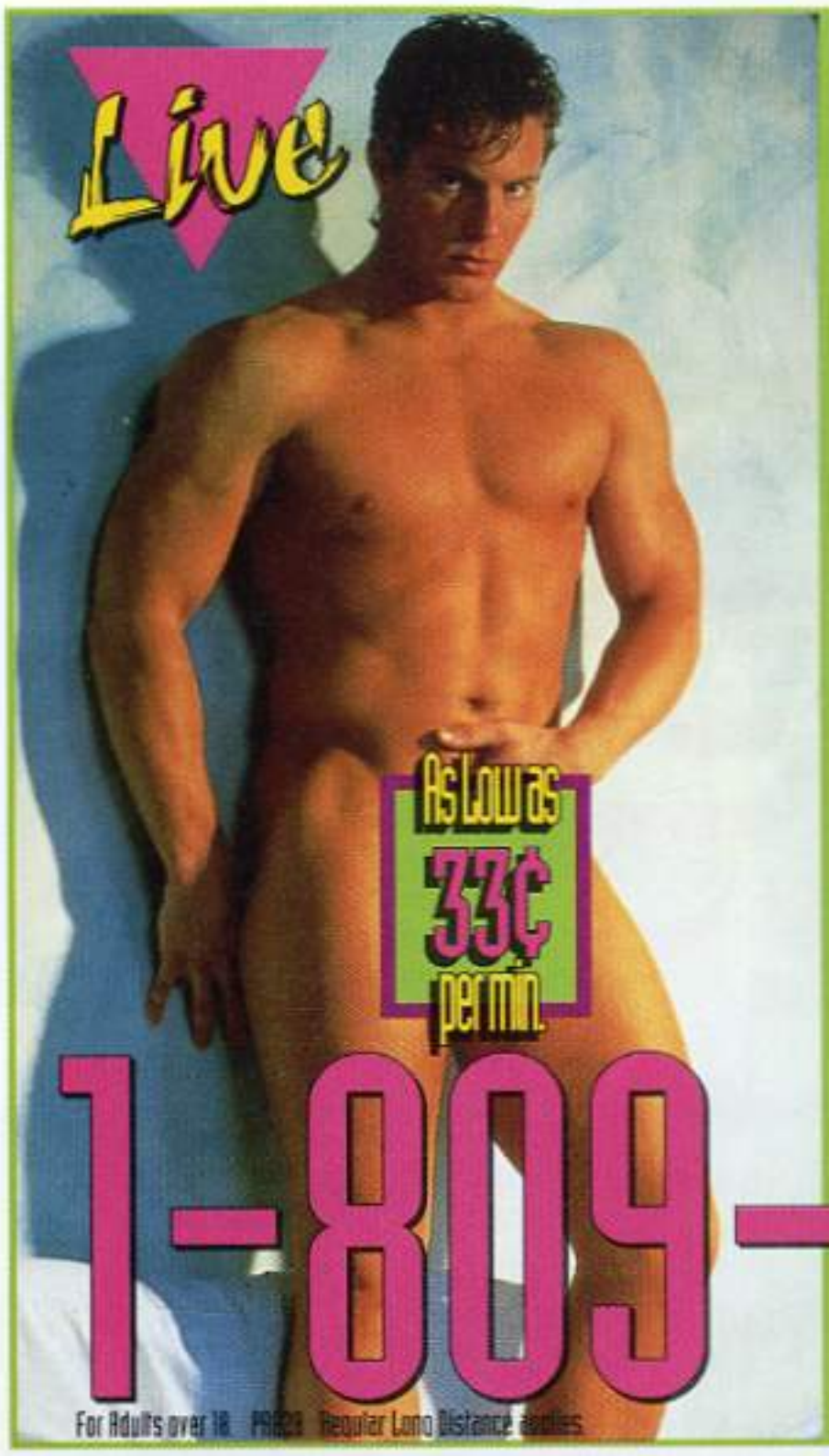
I am a kind, caring man of 23, and I would like to settle down with Mr. Right. The problem is, I've had five important love affairs in the past four years, and each one ended badly. The first man, who was considerably older than I was, beat me up, and I had to run away. The second seemed generous and gentle when we met, but it turned out he was pretty coarse when he wasn't using his favorite drugs. The third couldn't keep his pants on when pretty boys were around. The fourth was really looking for a daddy, and I'm just too young. I'm not sure what was going on with the fifth, but I finally left him because it became clear that he didn't really love me. After all this in my fairly young love life, I've become discouraged, depressed, and down on myself. Am I, as the song says, looking for love in all the wrong places? Or should I just stop looking altogether?

No one is born knowing how to have a good relationship. Very few of us get anything like decent training in the practice as we grow up, and some of us don't really want that kind of association with another person. Consequently, by the time most of us who want them meet our life mates or long-term partners, we've been in and out of love, love affairs, and love relationships rather more than twice. Usually we've been hurt a few times, and usually we've hurt others a few times, even with the best of intentions. If we're lucky and work hard, we can learn from those relationships so they become practice instead of failures and so we don't make the same mistakes too many times.

It is entirely appropriate to feel depressed when a relationship that matters to you ends: You are experiencing a kind of mourning at that time, grieving for something you've lost. That sad feeling will probably pass in a month or two or three, and then it will be time for you to consider again whether you want to be partnered. Meanwhile, I encourage you not to get discouraged by a normal life process. Retire to your cave if you need to, lick your wounds, consider what went right and what went wrong in your previous relationships—and when you feel ready to venture forth again, you'll be an even more attractive prospect than you were before, because you'll have more experience and wisdom.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

BY WILLIAM A. HENKIN, MFCC



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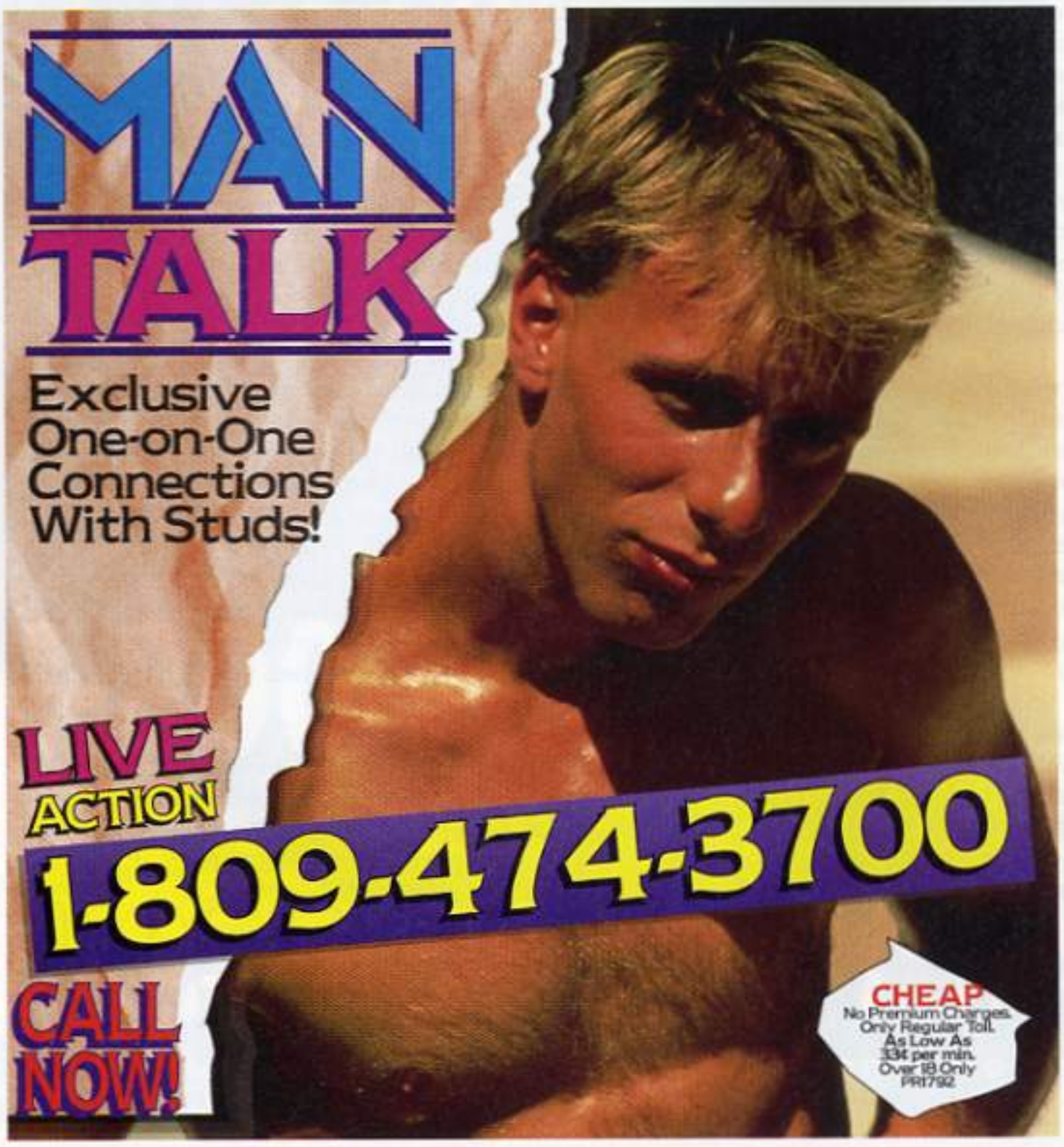

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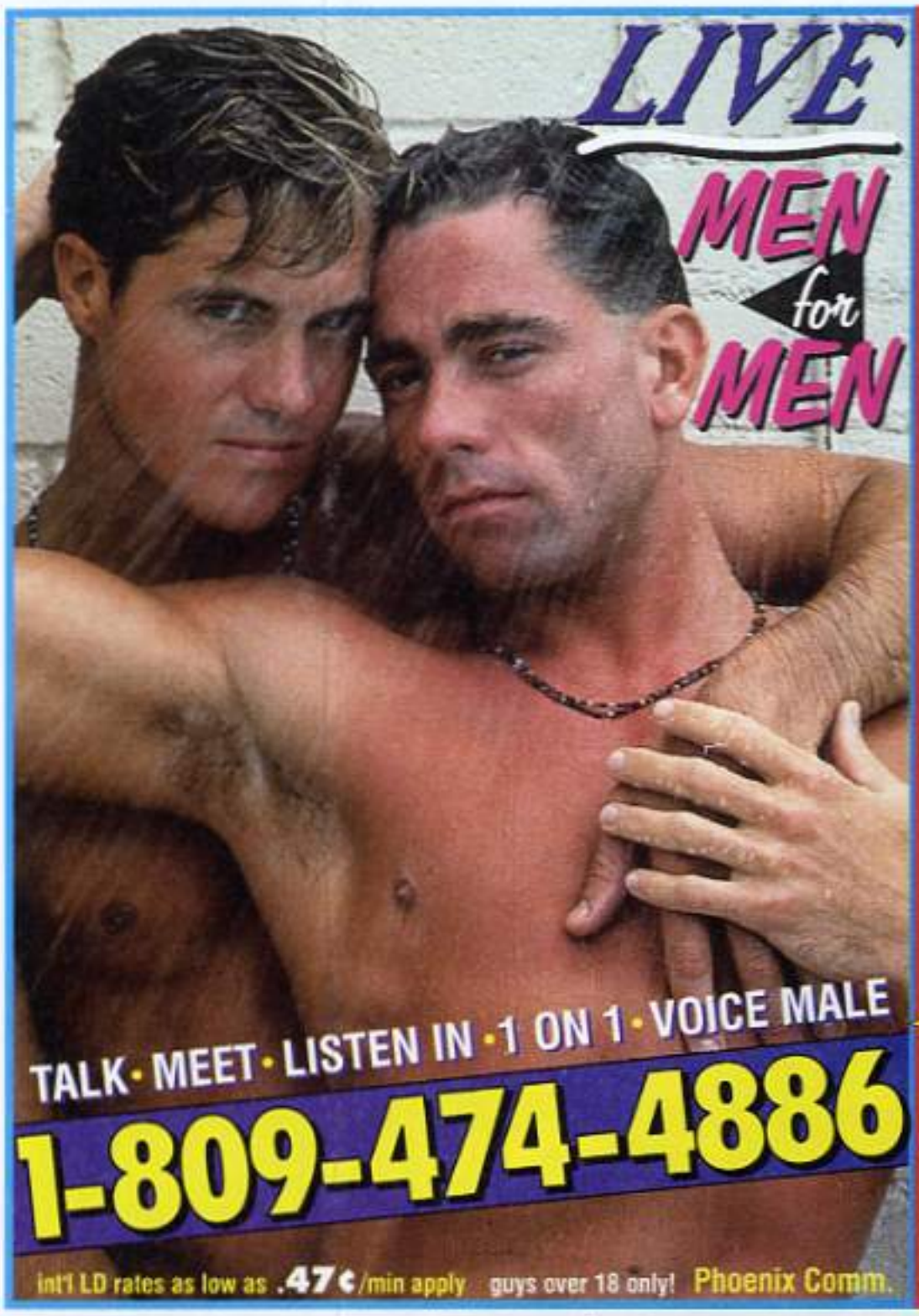
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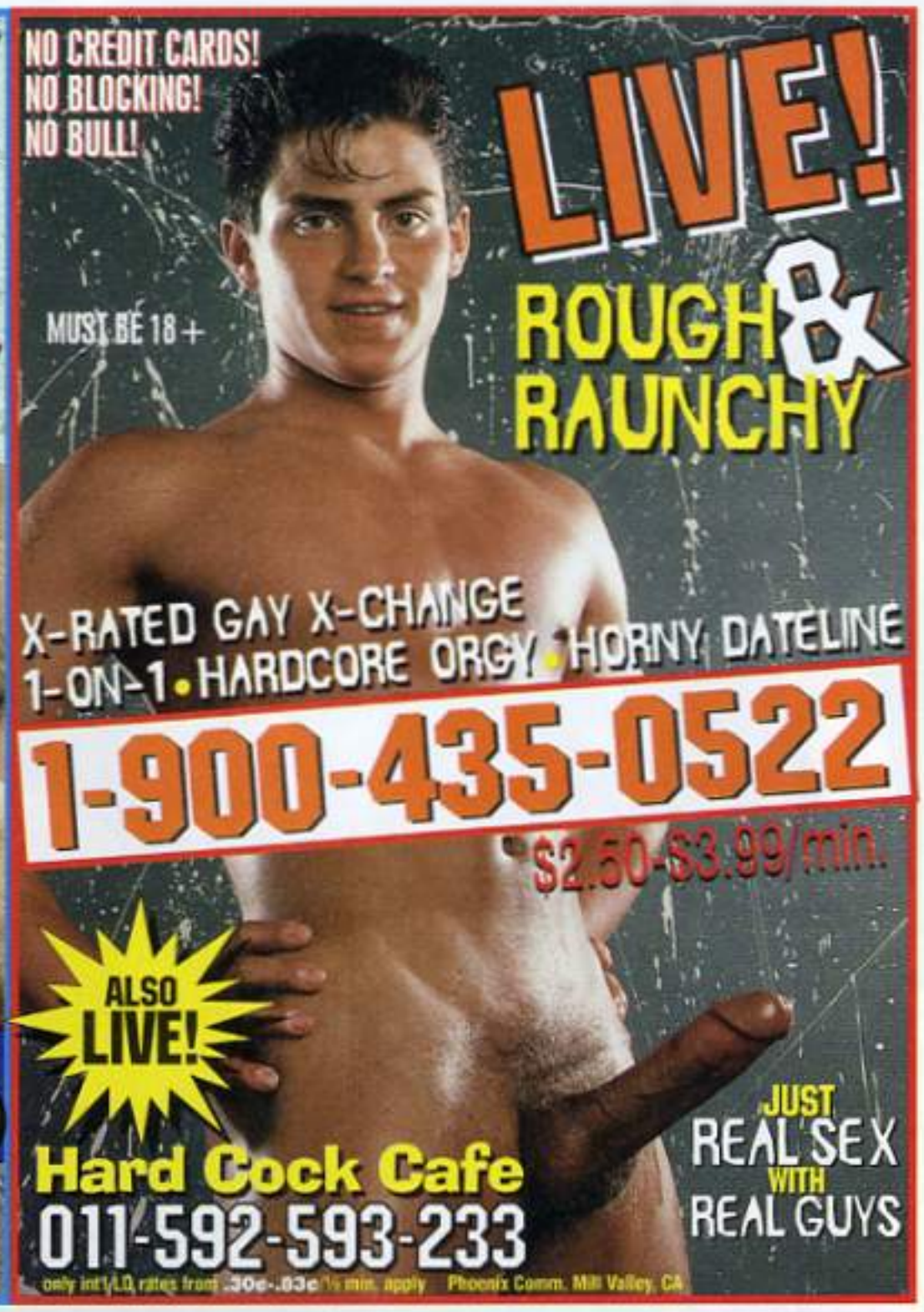

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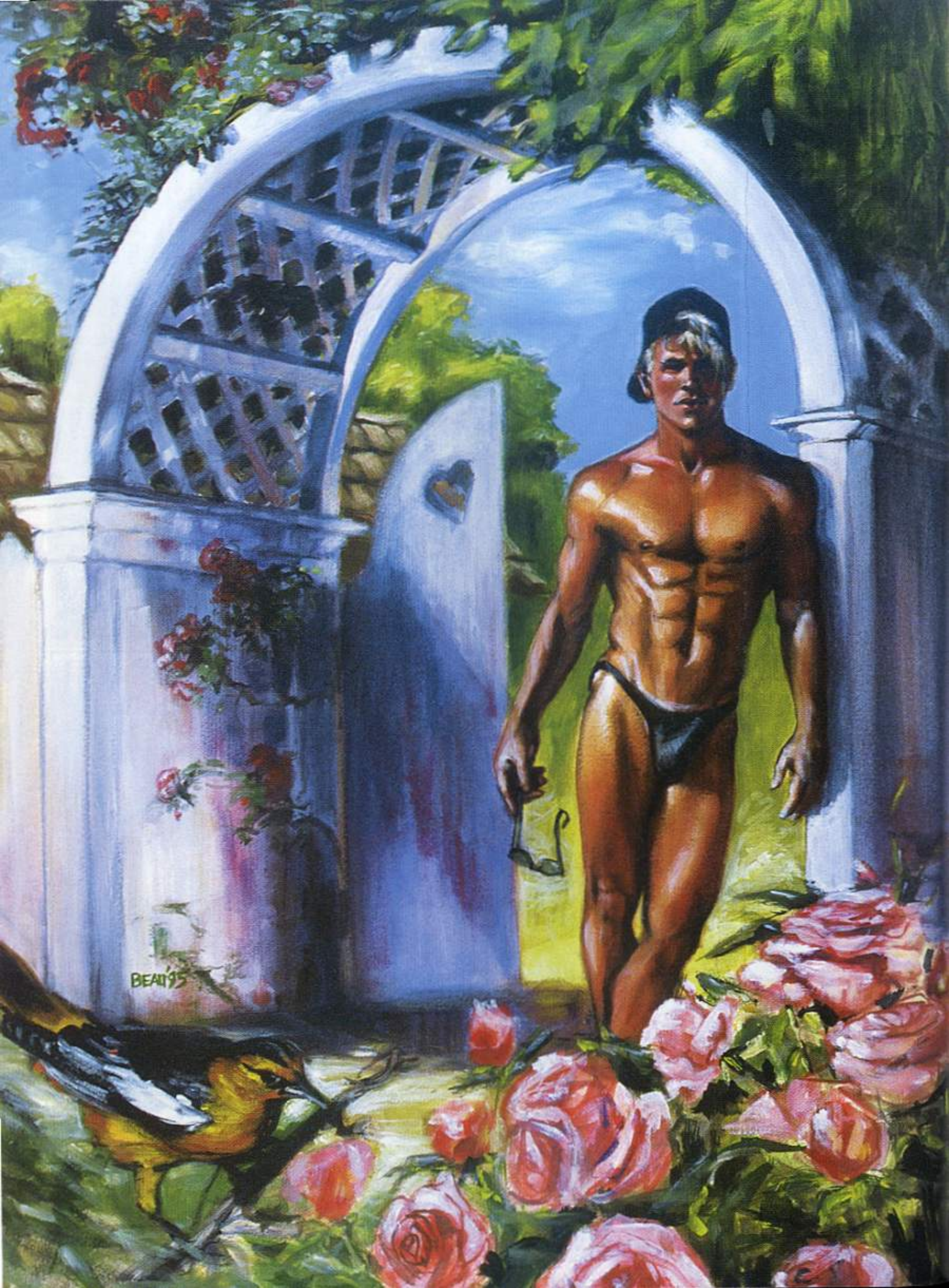

BEAU'95

the first time

by grant foster

"Hey, Jay! Great day for a barbecue."

"Brett. Glad you could make it. You're looking fit, buddy." The day was hot, and Brett was making the most of it, clad only in a tight pair of hiking shorts, thick white socks, and scuffed trail boots. It was not the sort of look most men in their mid 40s could pull off, but Brett was not most men.

"Thanks, Jay," Brett said, shrugging his broad shoulders. "Got to give you a run for your money." We both chuckled. We'd been competing with each other physically—and sexually—for more years than I cared to count.

"These are new." I poked a finger at his ridged abs.

"Yeah. You'll have to check them out sometime. You know, see them in action." He humped his hips lewdly.

"Been there," I replied, shaking my head. He had been my first. I'd been 18, Brett 23. I'd gone to a cruise bar—hoping like hell to get laid—and ended up standing next to him. I felt a hand crammed down the back of my jeans and turned to see this gorgeous hunk grinning at me. My angry protest had died on my lips, and minutes later we were feeling each other up, right there at the bar.

When Brett pushed me to my knees, popped the buttons on his fly, and started smacking me in the face with his enormous hard-on, I was totally shocked, but as I later found out, the bar was notorious for public sex. Then Brett stuffed his dick in my mouth, and I quickly forgot about everything but trying to breathe while he fucked my face.

After a few minutes of bouncing his big balls off my chin, he hauled me to my feet, dragged me over to the pool table, pulled down my pants, and bent me over the edge, facedown on the green felt. And so I got my ass drilled on a pool table while a bunch of guys watched, swilling beer and jerking off.

Brett had hawked a wad of spit on his cock knob and another one on my asshole, taken aim, and shoved. It felt as if I'd just had the Empire State Building shoved up my ass. I lay there on the table, moaning and whimpering, while he started reaming my hole. The pain had dissipated after several close encounters with my prostate, and I got turned-on. I started to buck and grind under him, raising my ass up off the table to meet his every thrust.

Brett fucked with the entire weight of his body and all of his considerable strength, his every move designed to bring him the maximum amount of pleasure. Lucky for me, I liked it, because there was no chance of my escaping. He had my arms pinned over my head so that I couldn't even play with myself, let alone paste him one in the face and get away.

Quite a little crowd had gathered by the time he was ready to blast off. He had slowed down, drawing back till he was in the clear—so everyone could admire the size of his piece—then ramming me so hard, the table creaked. When he started to shoot, he

ILLUSTRATION BY BEAU

withdrew from my ass and blew his load all over me and the pool table. Then he pulled me back up against him and pounded my stiffer till I came as well, every squirt of jism accompanied by raucous cheers from the men crowding around us.

That had been my cherry fuck. Brett and I had hung out together for years, but there had always been friction between us. Brett was extremely competitive, and he did his damnedest to bag any man I showed an interest in. It irritated me, but when I mentioned it, he just blew it off. I finally got fed up with the whole situation, and for the past few years I'd done my best to confine our competition to the gym.

"Come on, Jay, check 'em out," Brett chided me again.

I rubbed Brett's washboard of a belly to placate him.

"Slide down a little lower," he added, "and you can say hello to an old friend."

"Got things to do and people to greet," I replied, smacking his gut and turning away from him. I was throwing a barbecue to celebrate completion of the swimming pool I'd been working on in my backyard for the past three years. It had become something of a standing joke among my friends, and I couldn't pass up the chance to vindicate myself by showing off the finished product.

Everything was jamming right along when an unexpected complication popped up—literally—over the fence that separated me from the house across the drive.

"Jay!"

"Tad? Uh...hi. I thought you'd already packed up and gone off to the university."

"Not till next week, Jay." Tad was the boy next door. Shortly after I had moved into the neighborhood 16 years ago, he had toddled across the drive, arms outstretched, demanding to be picked up. We had bonded instantly. After his parents divorced, I had assumed the role of surrogate father, taking him on camping trips and helping him with his homework as I watched him grow up.

Looking at the superbly muscled young man standing on the other side of the fence from me was still something of a shock. It seemed only yesterday that he had been a gawky adolescent, all skinny arms and legs that weren't always entirely under his control. Then he got interested in gymnastics. It became a passion, and during his senior year in high school, he was asked to become a member of the U.S. gymnastics team for the upcoming Olympics. He had won a scholarship to Sutton University as well, but for his prowess in the classroom, not on the rings. At 18 he was handsome, smart, and built like a young Greek god. I loved him, and I was very proud of him.

"Party?" Tad asked, brushing his thick blond hair back from his broad forehead and smiling at me, his azure eyes twinkling.

"Just a few friends to help christen the pool," I muttered noncommittally. I'd never made a secret of my sexual orientation, but I wasn't sure I wanted Tad involved in that aspect of my life. He was so young and innocent—and so irresistible—that I was worried about what might happen to him.

"Well, hello." Brett materialized beside me, eyeing Tad wolfishly. "Who's the blond god?" he whispered audibly, jabbing me in the ribs with his elbow.

"Brett!" I said, teeth clenched, wishing fervently that Tad would go away.

"Hi, Brett. I'm Tad. I live next door." He stuck his hand over the fence. Brett grasped it and held it far longer than was necessary.

"Good to meet you. We're here to celebrate the fact that Jay finally finished up that hole in the backyard."

"The pool? I worked on it after school this spring for two months. I think we did a good job."

"No doubt," Brett agreed. "You are going to join us today, aren't you? After all that work, it seems only fair."

"Uh...I haven't been invited," Tad replied, looking at me expectantly.

"You haven't?" Brett looked over at me. I maintained a stubborn silence. "Hell, if Jay won't invite you, I will."

"Jay?" Tad clearly wanted to hear the invitation issued from my lips.

"Sure, Tad. Join us. I've got plenty of steaks."

"I'll change and be right back."

I had a feeling I was going to have my hands full running interference between Tad and some of my more aggressive buddies.

"What a piece of work." My pick for Aggressor of the Year was still at my elbow, eyes gleaming, nostrils flaring. "I would love to rack that one. Man!"

"He's just a kid, Brett. Knock it off."

"He's 18, isn't he?"

I nodded reluctantly.

"So?"

"He's my neighbor, Brett."

"Even the neighbors get laid, Jay."

"Just back off, OK?"

"I get it. You've already marked him for your own. You old fox. Pinned him for the count yet?"

I had an unpleasant retort on my lips but thought better of it and stalked off in silence.

About 15 minutes later all conversation in the yard suddenly ground to a halt. I glanced over my shoulder and saw that Tad had arrived, resplendent in a black Speedo and a black baseball cap, turned back to front. He was heart-stoppingly perfect—every muscle honed, his hairless skin the color of amber honey. He looked fuller through the upper body than he had just a few months earlier when we were finishing up work on the pool—biceps pumped, pecs heroically sculpted, pushing his fleshy nipples to prominence. His concave belly was tightly ridged, his long legs bulged in all the right places, and his ass pushed back against the fabric of his skimpy suit, inviting hackneyed comparisons to ripe melons.

"Welcome!" Brett appeared at Tad's side, draped a brawny arm around his shoulders, and began introducing him to the crew. My stomach began to hurt, gripped less by indigestion than by the green fist of jealousy. I jabbed irritably at the coals in the grill and slammed the lid down hard enough to turn several heads.

Tad captivated them all. Part of his charm was his total lack of attitude. If he realized how gorgeous he was, he

"He's 18, isn't he?"

clearly wasn't impressed. This disarming modesty only made him more appealing.

Brett stayed beside him like a shadow. At one point he spent damn near half an hour slathering suntan oil on Tad's spectacular shoulders, pawing him shamelessly. Tad made no effort to get away, though I noticed with satisfaction that he kept his own hands demurely to himself.

Brett stayed till the bitter end, obviously plotting a way to whisk Tad away with him. When it became clear that Tad was going to help me clean up, Brett offered his assistance as well, but Tad jumped in and assured him that everything was under control. Brett finally gave it up, looking a bit sulky as he walked out to his car.

Tad and I carried the last of the picnic supplies back into the kitchen, loaded the dishwasher, then sat at the kitchen table for a soda. Tad sipped, set the bottle down, and looked across at me, his expression solemn. "Can I talk to you, Jay? About something really serious?"

"Anything, Tad," I replied. "You know that."

"I'm gay." He took a deep breath and plunged on. "I've thought about it and read about it, and I know it's true. I haven't told anyone else, Jay. I knew you'd understand."

"If you're sure, of course I understand. Have you met anyone?"

"Yes. Someone very special. Someone I've known for a very long time." He reached across the table and grasped my hand. I felt my heart begin to accelerate. "Someone I respect and admire—and love a great deal. I haven't had sex with anyone yet. I...I want the first time to be really special, Jay."

"Oh." I sat back in my chair, trying to take it all in. This was totally unexpected—and totally frightening. The little boy next door was declaring his feelings for me. Only he wasn't a little boy—he was a man, young and painfully desirable.

"Tad, I'm flattered, believe me. But I can't."

"Why not? You're the handsomest, sexiest man I know. I trust you, Jay. I know you'd never do anything to hurt me. Don't you think I'm sexy?"

"Come on, Tad. You know the answer to that one." He smiled with pleasure. "It just wouldn't be right."

"Would it be better with a stranger? I could call your friend Brett. He gave me his telephone number."

"No!" I snapped, pounding my fist on the table.

"I didn't mean that." He looked stricken. "I want you."

We looked at each other in silence for a long time, then Tad began to speak. "Well, I guess it's my move. I've got nothing to lose, Jay." He stood up, slipped his thumbs into the waistband of his Speedo, and wriggled out of it. I swallowed noisily, unable to take my eyes off him. He walked around the table, straddled me, and sat on my lap, arms around my shoulders, cock and balls hot against my bare belly.

"Make love to me, Jay." He stroked my neck, sending shivers down my spine. I shook my head. "Are you going to send me home?" he asked. Before I could speak, he kissed me, and my self-control dissolved. I clamped my hands around his narrow waist, fingers splayed over the lush curve of his butt, and began kissing him back. His lips parted, and our tongues touched. I felt his hard-on scooting up my belly. Tad's hands strayed down to my chest.

"That feels sexy," he murmured as he stroked the fine hairs that feathered up over my collarbones. "I always wanted hair on my chest. I don't think it's going to happen at this point."

"I don't think it matters," I assured him, my hands slipping up his sides. When my thumbs grazed his plump nipples, his fingers curled against my pecs and his eyelids fluttered. I lowered my head and lapped at the succulent flesh, then pressed my lips against the full curve of muscle and began to suck. The nipple stiffened instantly, poking against my tongue. Tad arched his back, and his tight ass muscles flexed against my bare thighs.

I lifted him from my lap, set him on the edge of the table, and licked down his torso to his crotch. I nuzzled his hairless balls, then began kissing the shaft of his cock, moving up inch by inch to his helmet-shaped glans.

When I capped his tightly clipped cock, I felt a bare foot rubbing against the inside of my thigh. His toes curled around the ridge my prick had formed in the leg of my shorts, the contact shooting intense jolts of pleasure along the shaft and up my spine.

"I do turn you on, don't I?" he asked, a hint of triumph in his tone.

"You have a great future as a psychic," I teased, mumbling around the sweet obstruction of his dick.

"Let me see your cock," he demanded, wiggling his toes against it. I stood up and dropped my shorts. My dick rose up between us, rock-hard and throbbing. Tad fisted it and pulled gently, bunching my foreskin up beyond the tip. He fingered the crinkled skin, stretched it, finally pushed his thumb up into the moist little sleeve.

"Want to try it on?" I asked, my voice thick with passion. His eyes widened, and he nodded eagerly. "Stand up." He slipped off the table and stood in front of me, forehead pressed to mine as we both looked down the length of our torsos. I pressed our knobs together, then shucked my foreskin up and covered him.

"Oh, man," he sighed contentedly. He tilted his head to one side and kissed me again, his hips rocking tentatively as he humped my foreskin. I cupped his balls and rubbed back along the swollen ridge between his legs. When my fingertip grazed his ass pucker, his tongue drove deep into my mouth.

"I want to suck you," Tad whispered, his lips brushing my ear. His dick slipped out of my skin and snapped up against his belly. He kissed my neck and began a slow, delicious slide down my front. He knelt at my feet and looked up at me. "It's big," he said matter-of-factly. "I always thought it would be." He grinned disarmingly and began to inspect my prick.

I rested my hands on his shoulders, watching him. At first his tongue barely made contact, flicking tentatively against my skin. Then he began licking, the pressure increasing, making me harder, setting every nerve to tingling. I gasped when he went down on me, tongue pressed against the tender underside, lips tight around the shaft. He looked up at me then and smiled, an angel with a hard-on in his mouth.

"Can I make another request?" he asked, looking up at me, lips glistening. I nodded, stroking his thick hair. "Will you fuck me, Jay? I want you to be the first."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure." I pulled him to his feet and led him into the bedroom. He jumped onto the middle of the bed and held out his arms to me. I opened a drawer and pulled out lube and condoms. Then I climbed on and knelt beside him.

"Come here, guy," I said, rolling him onto his belly and pulling him back onto my lap, legs spread out on either side of me, his cock and balls wedged between my thighs, my thick hard-on pointed at his asshole. When I smacked his ass cheeks, he flexed, and the muscles in his broad back

shifted enticingly. I began to stroke the backs of his thighs, fingertips curving up over the firm mounds of his glutes. My thumbs slipped up along his crack, grazing the tender lips puckered around his hole. I squirted a few drops of lubricant on the target area and began to massage the moist little opening with my fingertips.

When a digit finally popped up inside him, Tad didn't move or say a word. I stroked the silky walls of his channel, gradually screwing my finger in up to the webbing. I stirred it around, relaxing his sphincter till I managed to insert a second finger, then a third.

"I think you're ready," I said, keeping the plug of fingers firmly inside him. "If you change your mind at any point, Tad, you just tell me, and I'll stop."

"I won't change my mind, Jay," he replied, reaching back and tugging the hair on my belly. "I know I won't." I slipped out from under him and reached for the lube again. I started to roll him onto his right side, but he turned the other way. "I want to watch," Tad grinned, pointing at the mirrors that sheathed the closet doors on that side of the room. I chuckled and hooked my hand behind his right knee, pulling his leg up toward his chest.

His asshole was pale pink, hairless, quivering. I bent my head and kissed it, then pressed the long applicator against his virgin ass ring. At the first touch the little mouth gaped, and I slipped the tube into him. I gave the bottle a squeeze, and Tad pressed his hand against his lower gut.

"Man, I felt that," he sighed. "Nice and cool." I squeezed the bottle again, then set it on the floor beside the bed. I ripped open a foil packet, shucked back my foreskin, and bagged myself, rolling the latex down the shaft.

"If this hurts, you tell me," I instructed. Tad nodded, his eyes already focused intently on our reflection, watching the point where our bodies were about to connect. I planted my knees on either side of his left thigh, braced one hand on the bed near his shoulders, and gripped my prick with the other. I made contact, then pressed gently. His ring opened slightly, then clenched shut. I applied more pressure, and my knob popped up into his hot channel.

"You OK?" Tad looked up at me and nodded. He raised his hand and pressed it to my chest.

"Please put it in me, Jay," he pleaded. "I want it." I pumped my hips and watched another two inches of my cock slide into his clutching heat. Tad's dick jerked and shot a little streamer of clear juice up onto his belly. I pumped again, and his fingers dug into my pectoral muscle. I eased back out, then pushed, burying more of my rigid prick.

I continued my slow progress until I was buried to the hilt. I didn't move for a long time after that, except to run my hands over his sleekly muscled perfection, memorizing the contours of his body with my hands. As I did so, Tad was getting used to the sensation of having a man's hard-on throbbing inside of him. He lay still at first, breathing deeply. Then he began to twist and writhe, tentatively grinding his ass around the axis of my prick. When he looked up at me the next time, his gaze was dreamy, his blue eyes misty with lust.

"Can I be on top?" he asked, his voice thick. I nodded, pulled out of my slot, and lay back on the bed. Tad straddled me, grabbed my stiffer, and pointed it straight up. Then, with one hand planted firmly on the middle of my chest, he sat down, sheathing me completely in his silken channel.

"I like this," he announced, flexing his ass muscles and squeezing my cock tight.

"You're dangerous," I groaned, rubbing the insides of his thighs. He smiled angelically and began to ride my dick like a rodeo cowboy on a bucking bronco. I let him have at it for a while, then grabbed him and held him tight as I rolled on top. I pinned his knees to his chest and started fucking him, easy at first, then harder and deeper as I saw how he responded to my increasingly frantic thrusts.

"Oh, God, Jay. This is so good. I'm starting to tingle all over. I feel like I'm going to explode."

"I can guarantee it," I gasped, rising up, then slamming into him, smacking my heavy balls against his ass. He grunted and flexed, his channel squeezing my dick spasmodically. Tad's eyes were wide as he reached between us to get a grip on his flexing prick. I grabbed his wrists and pinned them above his head, determined to fuck the come out of him without any manual assistance. He frowned briefly, but I speared him several times in rapid succession, and his expression changed to one of purest bliss.

"I'm...I'm gonna...a-a-ah!" Tad twitched convulsively, snapping his head from side to side among the pillows of the bed as he began to shoot. His asshole shuddered, and a gusher of jizz pumped up along my torso, scoring the flesh with a white, sticky line. I pounded harder, fucking three more creamy streamers out of him, bringing myself up to the critical point.

He felt my prick flex, and his eyes flew open. "Let me see you shoot!" I pulled my dick out and stripped off the latex sheathing. I grabbed my balls in one hand, my cock shaft in the other, and jerked off frantically. Tad propped himself on his elbows, eyes fixed on me hungrily. I let fly, my first shot arcing high above my head, then splashing down over both of us like hot rain. Another blast followed, then there were a couple of dribbles that hung off my knob like candle wax. A final wave of pleasure built as I continued to pump my fist. My balls pulled up against my shaft, and every muscle in my body knotted. Jism spewed out of my gaping come hole, shot over Tad's blond head, and hit the wall. I sank back onto my haunches, gasping for breath.

"Wow!" Tad exclaimed, scrambling up and throwing his arms around my neck. "That was incredible." He groped for my dick, squeezing it. "Let's do it again, OK?"

"Give me a minute to catch my breath, guy. What are you, anyway? Some kind of a sex maniac?"

"Yeah, I think so," he said, grinning, still playing with my dick. "What about you, Jay?" He squeezed me, and my meat flexed against his palm.

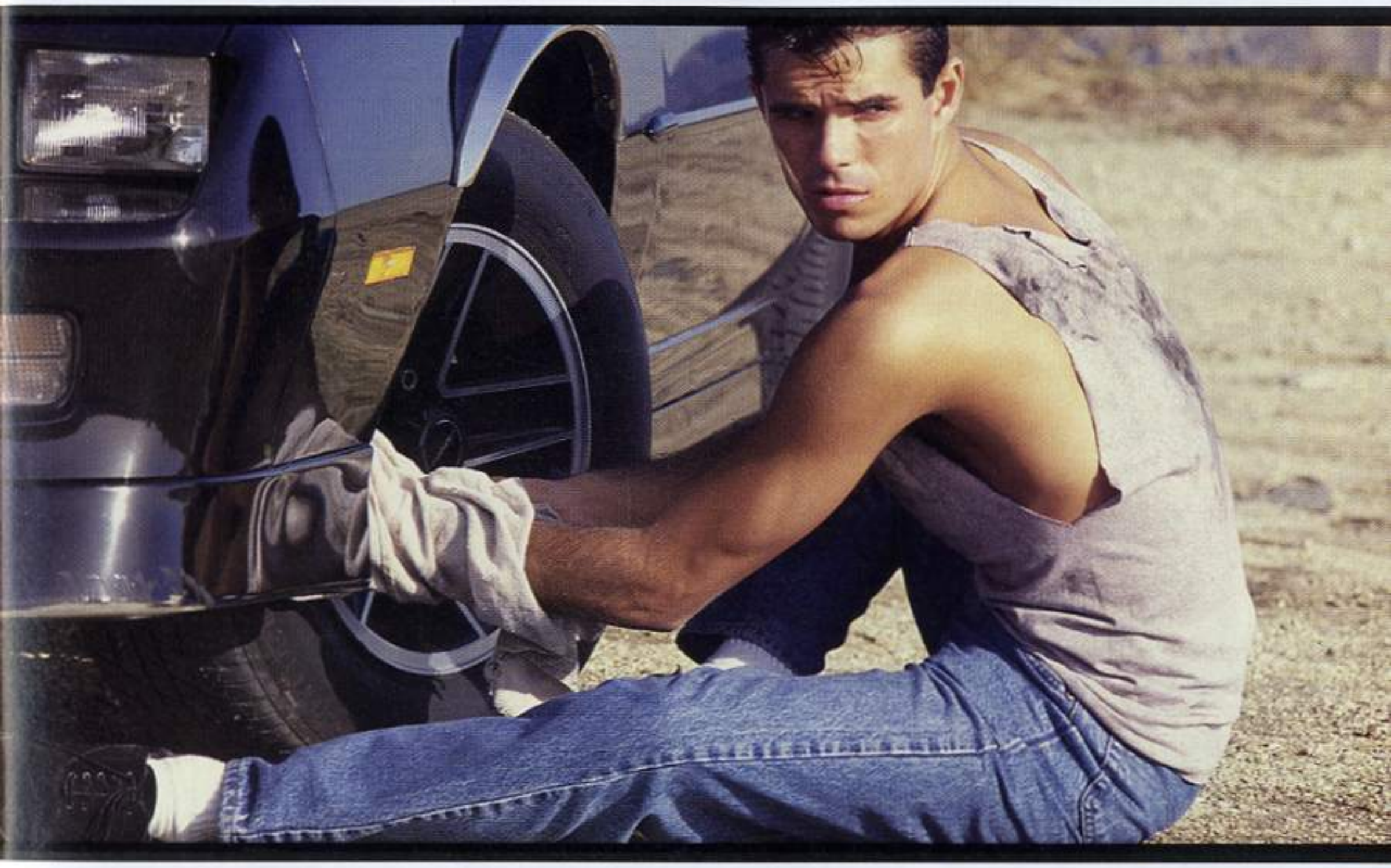
"Maybe so," I groaned, kneading his sweaty ass cheeks with my fingers. "Maybe so."

"We've got three whole days to find out. I don't leave for school until Tuesday afternoon. Cool, huh?"

"Way cool," I replied, wondering what my chances were of surviving that long. On the other hand, if a man has to go, what a hell of an exit. ●

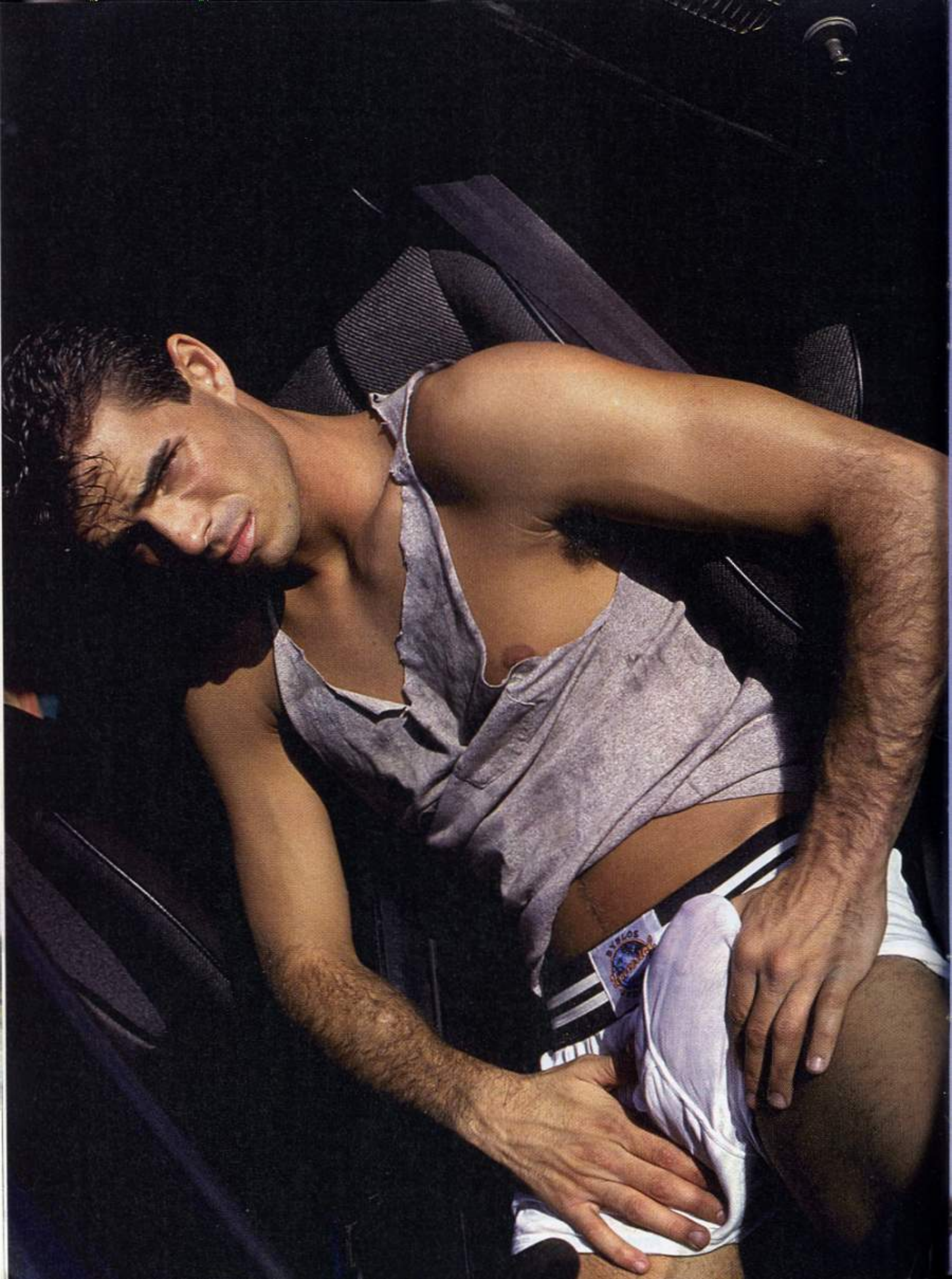
"If this hurts, you tell me."

ROAD



THRILL

Model: **Andrew Valentino** Photography: **Martin Ryter**



wheels On fire

Model: **Bash McKenzie**
Photography: **Munyan/Studio 1435**

NIKE
NIKE

YAMAHA
OF CANADA

YAMAHA
OF CANADA

trick, the butcher's and the half bro

by r.j. march

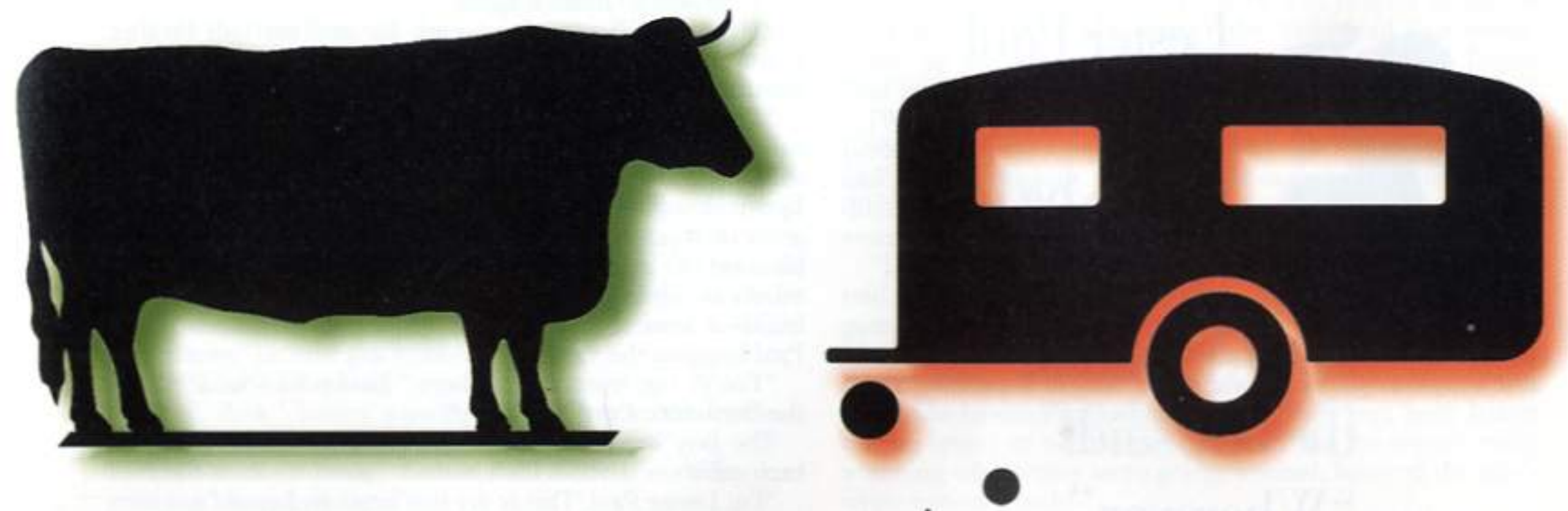
Up on a hill overlooking Hardcastle was a decrepit trailer resting in a field of automobile carcasses and rusted metal barrels filled to bursting. There were a number of dogs on the property—wild curs attracted to the field by its owners' habit of tossing garbage out the windows and scraping dirty dishes just outside the door.

Lester Bermder stepped out of the trailer. The pack of dogs scattered automatically. He surveyed his vast landholdings with pleasure—everything was his as far as his eye could see, thanks to his great-granddaddy's prudent investing and robber-baron tendencies, not to mention a hint of pyromania. A loud groan came from inside the trailer, making Lester wince and reminding him that all he saw was not his and his alone but shared grudgingly with his half brother, Lester Paul.

Lester scratched his belly, made hard with hundreds of sit-ups every day. He dug a hand into his underwear—all he had on—and did some more scratching. His hair was wild across his head, big waves of yellow to be tamed only with pomade and a hot comb. His face was angled, dimpled, full-lipped, and furred, and his nose would have been pretty if it hadn't been busted so many times. He was big, big and hard, and he caught the eye of many a shopgirl in town—not to mention a few glances from certain menfolk as well. "If only he wasn't a Bermder," the girls would sigh.

The Bermder name was none too popular in these parts, thanks to Lester's great-grandfather, Lester Marie Bermder, who purposely and maliciously blew up the wool mill—which had been the mainstay of the economic community—wreaking financial hardship on nearly every citizen of Hardcastle. And then, to add insult to injury, Lester Marie Bermder bought up virtually every inch of land from the suddenly destitute citizens of the town, and he also bought the interest in the mill and had it rebuilt, restoring the town's commerce. So even today there wasn't a father who would stand to have his daughter hitched to a Bermder. Few have tried and remain an example for future generations. One unfortunate girl found herself tarred and feathered and run out of town, and her hapless husband, the late Elijah Lester Bermder, unwilling to have a wife who looked like a chicken and smelled like roofing material, let her go. This was the double threat of being connected to the Bermder clan—that the town would turn its back on you and the Bermders would too. And, of course, one had to consider as well the genetic implication of bringing another Bermder into the world.

And so stood the last of the long line of Bermders, Lester



apprentice, thers bermder

Bermder, while his bastard half brother, Lester Paul, jiggled the trailer and made a general ruckus. Lester beat on the side of the trailer, denting its aluminum siding.

"I told you I'd let you know when I was done, you big stupid butt fuck," came Lester Paul's reply, shouted through the wall with much vehemence.

"Hurry the fuck up then, for crying out loud, you dumb cunt," Lester shouted back and was heard clearly by Lester Paul and by much of the community of Hardcastle, on their way to Sunday service. Lester heard then the chugging and puffing of Lester Paul, striving toward release.

"Don't get none on my pillow this time, dick lick." Lester added, and Lester Paul began his hooting and hollering, and Lester put his hand in his undershorts again, gripping his thickening prick. He pulled it out and took a short piss into the weeds that grew by the steps. He heard his half brother's heavy breathing. Lester Paul stood in the doorway, filling it. Broad and dark, he leaned against the doorjamb with his big arms folded across his chest. He was profusely tattooed. His belly was covered with curly black hairs, and some were caked with a creamy white smear of fresh come.

"Damn," Lester said, looking away from the stuff and the front of Lester Paul's underwear, which was dotted with piss stains and more fresh jizz and packed full with Lester Paul's fat goddamned dong and boccie-ball testicles. He thought, the way he always would think, seeing Lester Paul's massive artillery, that it was cruel justice that his bastard half brother ended up with the bigger set of jewels. Lester had himself his formidable version of a whopper now and pushed his brother aside.

"My turn," he said, and Lester Paul stepped out on the landing, thumbing open his shorts to stick his prick out the leg hole and take a sputtering leak.

Lester had his dick out before he hit the bed. The sheets were cold and smelled like his ass, and he pushed his face into them as if they were a bouquet of daisies. He humped his mattress silly, pushing a pile of pillows down to his crotch, wadding them around his throbbing billy club, creating for himself a pleasant burrow. His hands twisted in the sheets, and he arched his back, driving himself deep into the pussy pillow. He squeezed his eyes shut and flared his nostrils and held his breath. Images ran through his mind: pictures of boys just out of high school, boys who worked at supermarkets, boys in red-striped boxer shorts, boys in gym socks, boys in naked embrace. He had a crush now on just such a boy, the boy who was the butcher's apprentice at the Shop-Ease. Lester threw his head back and

Lester Paul asked him where he was going. "Don't matter," the boy said. "Wherever."

grunted through the gnashing of his teeth while his dick spat out gobs of semen, making a soggy fucking mess of his pillows.

They skipped a shower and headed into town for breakfast. Lester was already thinking about stopping in at the Shop-Ease for a tenderloin or something. "Tender loins," he muttered and began to giggle at his own funny. He sat behind the wheel of the old Dodge pickup, bouncing in his seat and not quite seeing the road before him.

"Jesus Christ, Lester," Lester Paul said, doing some of the steering himself, keeping them from running off the road and into a row of mailboxes. Lester Paul took a look at himself in the rearview mirror when Lester could be trusted to drive unattended. He slicked back his hair with his hand. It was chestnut-brown and had a mind of its own. He pulled a comb from the glove box and spit across the teeth and ran that through his hair. He was every bit as good-looking as his half brother, and it was a damn shame, he was thinking, that he had to leave the county to get pussy. He pulled his hands inside his overalls and touched his warm crotch. He tried to remember how long it had been since he'd had any. He scratched his dick hairs to help himself think.

"Lester, when we get laid last?" he asked finally.

Lester fingered the hairs on his chin.

"Can't say," he said. Lester had come close, he remembered, the one time he drove to Drexlerville for that alternator and stopped in a public pisser for a spell on the crapper.

"Damn," Lester Paul said, rubbing himself hard.

"'Nough of that," Lester said.

Up ahead a boy was standing with his thumb cocked. Lester Paul spotted him first and told Lester to stop.

"There ain't no room up here, and he can't go in the back with all them dead chickens, you know," Lester said. He slowed up, though, and was going about ten miles an hour when he passed the boy.

"Plenty of room up here," Lester Paul said, sliding over close to his half brother. The boy ran up to the old Dodge and leaned in the window. He was probably close to 20, Lester reckoned, scrutinizing the boy's face while Lester Paul asked him where he was going.

"Don't matter," the boy said. "Wherever."

He got in, and Lester Paul moved over a little and a little more, until it seemed to Lester that he had nearly half the front seat to himself again.

"We're heading for some eats, me and my half brother here," Lester Paul offered. "We got ourselves a diner in town since we don't cook ourselves."

"You bought a diner," the boy said incredulously, "because you don't cook at home?" He laughed, showing straight white teeth. His hair was blond and strangely cut, Lester thought—shaved all around the bottom and left to grow on top. The boy had an earring and a tattoo of a scorpion on the arm he rested along the back of the seat. He wasn't as big as the Bermder brothers, but he had a decent build—at least so far as Lester could tell, what with Lester Paul hogging the view.

"You're not from around here," Lester Paul said. "We're the Bermders. Ever hear of us?"

The boy shook his head. The brothers shared a look at each other.

"I'm Lester Paul. This is my half brother, Lester."

"Seriously?" the kid said, bending forward to look at Lester's face. Lester smiled and nodded. "Nice to meet you," the boy said, raising his hand off the seat.

Lester looked at him, and so did Lester Paul.

"It sure is nice to meet you too," Lester said, leaning over his half brother to see the boy directly. His shirt was opened and revealed a chest pleated with muscle. "Hey," he said, "are you a model?"

Lester Paul elbowed him good in the bread box.

"Lester, you best keep your eyes to the road since you just about ran over Thelma Goodly, Mr. Rubberneck."

Lester elbowed his half brother back twice as hard, but with little to no effect. Lester Paul turned in his seat and faced the boy, who seemed to take all this in with some amusement.

"Hey," Lester Paul said, "you sure are pretty."

"What's that smell?" the boy wanted to know.

Lester and Lester Paul ducked their heads simultaneously to sniff their armpits. Then Lester said, "Probably them dead chickens."

"Got to get them to the dump," Lester Paul said. "I thought I told you, Lester, to get them to the dump. Boy, you never listen."

"*You* told *me*? Goddamn it, Lester Paul, it was *me* telling *you*." Lester leaned over his half brother again to smile at the boy and look at his crotch.

They were sitting at their table with their milk shakes while the boy was in the bathroom. Lester Paul was fuming because the boy had opted to sit beside Lester. "You keep your hands to yourself," he said now through gritted teeth, "else you want them broke."

"Lester Paul, you don't scare me none, and I can't help it if I have magnetism," he said charmingly, daring even to blush.

"You got a boy," Lester Paul insisted. "And I saw this one first."

"It's up to the boy," Lester said, "and here he comes."

The kid was just shy of six feet and probably considered himself good-sized, but he must have felt downright waifish beside the Bermders. He slid next to Lester and ducked his head down to his coffee cup to take a sip. Breakfast came—six eggs to a plate, a stack of pancakes about a foot high, and about 50 strips of bacon.

The Bermders were dainty eaters with flawless table manners. Their meal took them quite a while, and the boy sat back, positively stuffed, as the brothers slowly and

meticulously cleaned their plates over and over again.

With the food out of the way, Lester Paul once again made eyes at the boy. "I'm just traveling around, going wherever, you know?" the boy said. "Did you ever read *On the Road?*"

"Can't say that I have," Lester Paul said.

"He don't know how to read," Lester said and felt a size-12 boot crack against his shinbone, which he suffered silently, slitting his eyes at his half brother. "Excuse me," he said to the boy, putting a hand on his thigh. "I think I'll head on over to the Shop-Ease now." He slid out of the booth and stood beside the boy. "I don't believe I caught your name," he said graciously.

"Trick," the blond said.

"Well, Rick," Lester started, and the boy rushed to correct him: "It's Trick, like magic trick, you know?"

"Like trick or treat," Lester Paul added, nodding and grinning like a fool.

"Well, it sure was nice meeting you, Trick," Lester said, shaking the boy's hand excessively.

Lester stood in the cold-cuts line until his number was called. He stepped up to the high counter and smiled over it. "Hey," he said softly, and Danny Waxford looked back at him blankly. The paper hat he wore was cocked, riding the short, slicked-up bristles of his hair.

"May I help you, sir?" the butcher's apprentice asked.

Lester scowled. "Don't you love me no more?" he whispered, pushing his head over the counter. He saw the kid's eyes dart left and right.

"You're going to get me fired," he said without moving his lips. "You have to order something."

"I'll have some of that headcheese," Lester said grandly, adding as an aside, "whyn't you come by the trailer after your shift, and we can have some fun." He winked then, and Danny winked back. He handed Lester a wrapped package of headcheese and let his fingers trail over the man's big hands.

"There you go, sir," Danny said. "My dick's hard, dude."

"So's mine," Lester said, and he backed away from the counter to show the boy, treading on some old lady's feet. He turned and caught hold of Thelma Goodly, whose face was screwed up in pain. He picked her up and sat her down on some canned goods and got himself through the checkout line and out of the store as quickly as possible, the big club of his desire banging up against the front of his overalls.

Lester Paul, meanwhile, was having no trouble getting into Trick's pants. While they waited in the truck for Lester, Lester Paul simply grabbed the boy and pulled him across the seat, positioning himself over the shocked boy. And somehow, like Houdini, Lester Paul managed to get Trick's jeans undone and down to his knees. "Are you crazy?" the boy asked, his voice muffled against Lester Paul's hard chest. He knew that somewhere over him, behind his assailant, there was a windshield and a parking lot filling up with people just out of church.

"Crazy for you," Lester Paul said, digging into his overalls and grabbing his big aching need. "You got me all worked up." Trick felt the hardness of it through his clothes and Lester Paul's clothes—it felt as though someone had shoved the thick end of a baseball bat in between the two of them.

The truck door swung open.

"Damn it all, Lester Paul, I saw you from the checkout line," Lester shouted. "What in the good goddamn are you doing in here?" Lester Paul got up reluctantly, and Trick unbent himself and sat up as straight as he could, leaving his pants where they were. His prick had slipped up out of his briefs, its head hot against the hairy trail that meandered up the boy's belly. "Oh, my, that's a fat one," Lester Paul hummed.

"Now *you're* driving," Lester said, getting in beside Trick. Lester Paul positioned himself behind the steering wheel and pressed mightily on his crotch so that there was an audible crack that made Trick wince. Suddenly Lester Paul swung over Trick and put his finger in Lester's face.

"Don't you make no moves, you dirty son of a bitch," he said menacingly. He started the truck and slammed it into gear, and they were on their way, and before they were out of the lot, Trick had his hand on Lester Paul's humongous thigh, rubbing it up and down and generally causing a wet ruckus in Lester Paul's shorts. Lester Paul kept both hands on the wheel to make up for the fact that he wasn't really watching where they were going; instead, he eyed the boy's white cotton crotch.

"Lester Paul, you're going to kill us all dead, and you won't even have gotten your end wet with this one," Lester said calmly, hanging his arm out the window, and the truck careened over Hailey Capshaw's petunia bed. He said to Trick, "I'm sorry, boy, but you're going to have to cover up them pretty freckled thighs of yours as they're driving my brother here to distraction. Unless, of course, you're wanting to die in a fiery automobile accident."

Trick pulled up his pants, and Lester Paul's driving improved, but not much.

Lester either tried or pretended to watch television while Lester Paul and Trick romped in the back of the trailer. "Would you look at all these tattoos!" he heard Lester Paul bragging. He kept his eye on the clock, waiting for his boy's shift to be over. Come 5 o'clock, Lester was pacing, worried that the boy was standing him up. Meanwhile, the two in the back were carrying on like sailors on leave. There was much moaning and groaning and sucking noises and fucking noises. Lester could see their shadows on the curtain that separated the sleeping quarters from the rest of the trailer, and their bodies came together before his very eyes in a strange configuration Lester thought he'd never live to see—Lester Paul squatting over to get it up the ass. Lester marched up to the curtain and yanked it open.

"Just what in the hell do you think you're doing, Lester Paul?" Lester demanded. "I'd really like to know."

Lester Paul looked up. Trick was practically riding him piggyback; he held onto Lester Paul by the shoulders, although his dick insertion assured him sufficient foothold, so to speak.

"You just never mind—and shut that curtain, Nosy Rosie," Lester Paul said, squatting and allowing Trick to put his feet back on the floor.

"Now, you know a Bernder don't ever do that kind of thing, Lester Paul. What would Daddy say?" And Lester gave his half brother a swift kick to the nuts. Lester Paul clutched his privates and howled like a wounded dog. He straightened up so fast, he threw the boy off. Lester heard them uncouple with a pop, and Trick hit the back wall of the trailer with a thud.

"I think you just killed your new husband," Lester said. Just then there was a knock on the door. Lester put his hand inside his T-shirt and touched a nipple. He shut the curtain and opened the trailer door. Danny stood out on the stoop, peering in.

"Well, come in," Lester said, grabbing the boy's arm.

"Are you in the mood for some loving?" Lester whispered in Danny's ear.

The boy nodded his head.

"I thought there was some sort of rumble going on," Danny said.

"Boy, are you all right?" Lester Paul was saying behind the curtain. "Speak to me, boy, speak to me." Danny and Lester heard Trick's low moan.

"Everything's going to be all right," Lester said. He pulled the curtain open again. "OK, lovebirds, hit the pike. It's me and my buddy's turn."

"I didn't even come yet, you son of a bitch," Lester Paul said. "And besides, I think Trick's neck is busted and he ain't ought to be moved. Hey there, guy," he said to Danny, waving, before turning his attentions again to Trick, who was lying twisted on the bed.

Lester turned to Danny and caught him staring at Lester Paul's naked body. "That one there is a picture of his mama," Lester said, pointing out a particular tattoo. "Ain't she the ugliest white woman you ever saw?"

"She's your mama, too, ain't she?" Danny said.

"I told you," Lester said patiently, "my mama's the true Mrs. Bermder. Christ only knows who that old whore is." And he pointed at the not-so-pretty ink drawing of Lester Paul's mother.

"Leave us be," Lester Paul said. Trick seemed to be reviving; leastwise, he had a fresh erection, and Lester Paul was already getting up on the mattress, planting his big feet on either side of the boy's hips. Trick's dick was pointing straight up at Lester Paul's chute.

"Don't do it, Lester Paul!" Lester shouted as his half brother dropped his ass down and impaled himself on Trick's beefy prick. "Bermders don't ever take it up the giggy." Danny gulped audibly, and Lester turned away as if it were too much to bear. Lester Paul commenced to riding the sausage. The sight of the huge man, his back marked up with tats, was impressive, especially when he lifted himself all the way off Trick's sizable pole and slammed himself down onto it again without so much as a whimper. Lester saw his little buddy grope himself. He slipped a hand down the back of Danny's pants and found the boy was without underwear. As Lester Paul bounced himself against Trick's hips, Lester poked with his finger against the bung hole of the butcher's apprentice.

"Are you in the mood for some loving?" Lester whispered in Danny's ear. The boy nodded his head. He stepped sideways, and Lester saw the big impression of Danny's great curving cock against the tight, worn front of his pants.

Lester Paul's back was slicked over with sweat. Lester could easily ignore his half brother's shiny bobbing ass, but Danny seemed to be mesmerized by the sight. He stood staring while Lester plied his ass with big mauling hands, fingering the boy roughly. He got Danny's pants undone and pushed them down to his knees. He himself went down to his knees, pressing his face against Danny's piss-smelling privates. He stuck his nose in the boy's pubic bush and breathed deeply. He rooted around under his buddy's nut sac, lapping each hanging orb with the flat pad of his tongue.

Danny touched Lester's head absently. "I want to do that," he said.

Lester pulled his head from between Danny's thighs.

"Now you're talking, little buddy," Lester said, getting up from his position on the floor. "Whyn't you just bend over, and I'll get you greased up." He licked back some drool that was beginning to seep from the corners of his mouth.

"Lester," Lester Paul grunted.

"Huh?" Lester said, staring at his buddy's jewels.

"Come here, would you," Lester Paul said breathlessly. Lester eyed his half brother.

"Why?" he said slowly.

"I want you to check if Trick here is still breathing. He ain't moved since he hit the wall," Lester Paul said, still riding on the unconscious boy. Lester leaned over the boy's face, trying to ignore the big swings of Lester Paul's cock and balls—he was loath to admit Lester Paul's size advantage. Trick's eyes did some fluttering then, and he let out a low moan.

Lester straightened up and said, "He's all right," and he couldn't help feeling admiration for a boy with a stand-up dick even when he himself wasn't able to stand. He gave Trick a long look, from the top of his head to underneath Lester Paul's bouncing butt. He touched his own granite member; the old pole was ready for sticking.

Lester got himself back to his boy, feeling all heated up and ready to give the boy a nasty ride. He towered over Danny Waxford and was breathing hard already. He wanted to engulf the boy, ride him from behind, cover him with his whole body, which was less than difficult—he was about 6 foot 5, and Danny was maybe 5 foot 8 with his sneakers on. He wanted to hunker down over the boy right there on the trailer floor, just a few feet away from his half brother, who was riding the unconscious Trick. He put his arms around the boy, turning him around so that Lester's pants-bound throbber was hard between Danny's shoulder blades.

"Oh, no, Lester," Danny said, twisting fast in the hulk's grasp. "This ain't what I had in mind."

"Well, what in hell were you referring to, then?" Lester said, looking down at Danny's bristled head.

"I thought it would be me doing the driving, if you know what I mean," Waxford said, winking up at Lester.

Lester winked back. "So, you want to go for a ride, do you? Well, why didn't you say so?"

He grabbed his coat and turned to the door.

"No, no, no," Danny said, shaking his head. "That ain't what I mean."

"He wants to fuck you," Lester Paul said. He twisted himself around so that he was facing his half brother and the butcher's apprentice. They could see clearly now the slide of Trick's sewer pipe in and out of the stretched hole of Lester Paul's butt.

Lester gaped. "Don't it hurt?" he cried.

"Dumb shit, does it look like it hurts?" Lester Paul said, balancing with one hand and tugging on a tit with the other. "Feels like I died and went to heaven."

Danny nudged Lester with his dick. It was long and strong and made a right-hand turn that Lester found charming.

"Don't you love me, Lester?" Danny said, making his eyes big and puppylike.

"It's just that it's always been a Bermder tradition to be the man when it comes to men," Lester said with some hesitation.

"You don't know what you're missing." Lester Paul said, filling his butt with juicy boy cock. Trick moaned again, less in pain this time and more in pleasure. Though still unconscious, there was an enormous amount of stimulation for him to process. He rolled his hurt head from side to side, seeming to enjoy the working-over his pecker was receiving.

"This is certainly a dilemma for me," Lester said, scratching his head and then digging into his pants, bypassing his engorged cock to scratch his nuts. The fastener of his pants burst, and what with all the nuts and bolts and lottery tickets in his pockets, Lester's pants dropped to the floor as if his legs had been greased. Meanwhile, Danny sucked on a finger, getting it nice and slick, and he arched around Lester and dug into the man's hairy ass crack. The wet finger slipped up inside, and Lester gasped like a girl slipping on cold panties.

"You could've warned me," he said, squirming on Waxford's digit, which felt impossibly thick and knobby. How, he wondered, would he endure Danny's curving club?

"Not so bad, is it?" Danny said, licking at Lester's chest, the big smooth muscle of it, dotted with a tiny hard nipple. Lester blushed.

Danny shrugged off his shirt so that he was standing nearly naked beside the huge man. He was thin and wiry, almost hairless. Lester ate him up with his eyes—he was stymied by the sight of the boy's naked rib cage. He was ready to suck on the boy like a juicy chicken bone. Lester glanced at his half brother. The thick staff between Lester Paul's legs hopped stiffly while his ass gobbled up Trick's massiveness.

"Bend over," he heard Danny say. He put his hands on the dirty mattress, close to Trick's bare feet. He felt Danny's hands on his ass cheeks, spreading them, and then he felt the boy's hot breath run across his pucker.

"Yikes!" Lester bleated, and he pinched out a little fart, like a sulfurous kiss. Danny backed off, resting on his haunches, and made another assault, this time plunging into the knot of Lester's fanny. The knot loosened almost immediately, and Danny was munching butt with great finesse. Lester leaned on his elbows, Trick's toes just inches form his face. Lester could smell their sneaker funk. He eyed the bouncing Lester Paul, who eyed him back. Lester stuck his tongue out and touched the tip of it to Trick's bony big toe. Danny put his tongue into Lester, who sighed sweetly while sucking on Trick's feet, licking between the boy's toes, his tongue action corresponding to Danny's.

"I think you're ready," Danny said, getting up and bucking the knob of his prick against Lester's balls. Lester gnawed on Trick's sole, nodding. Danny blew a wad of spit onto his dick and smoothed it around. Lester felt the tip of it press against his sphincter. Danny's head was diamond-shaped—not a big, flat, featureless mushroom cap like Lester's. Lester's cock head looked like the flat end of a good-size ball peen hammer. Danny probed gently, putting more and more of himself into Lester's steaming cavity until he was jammed in to the hilt between the big guy's stony cheeks. He stroked Lester's back.

"You OK?" Danny asked.

Lester tried to answer, but he had half of Trick's foot in his mouth. He did his best to nod. Danny commenced to fucking with long, slow strokes. Lester stopped sucking. The sensation in his rectum was like nothing he'd ever experienced, save for a couple of memorable and healthy shits he'd taken. He relaxed totally and even pressed himself against the oncoming prong. Danny tried to reach around the man and play with his tits, but his arms weren't long enough, so he contented himself with the hanging pendulum of Lester's balls.

Lester Paul by now was on a low boil. He was humming, with his eyes turned heavenward, his fist beating fast on his meat, scattering drops of precome and sweat. He began to pant and bring himself down so hard on the boy that the trailer shook. Lester Paul stopped breathing, and his dick exploded. Lester caught most of it in the face; his half brother's goo clung to his lips.

"Oh, goodness," Lester said, his tongue slipping out to clean his mouth. He arched his back and asked the boy to slam him. He dipped down a little, and the kid was right there, right on it, banging on something up Lester's butt that buzzed through the big man's body.

"Yeah," Lester growled. "Yeah, baby, yeah." He shook his head and sprayed everyone with sweat. He growled and beat his fists on the mattress. Lester Paul could see his brother's fat and stubby prick pulsing.

"You're ready," Lester Paul grinned, nodding his head. Danny let out a little squeal, doing his best to keep it together, but he looked as if his banana was about to split with pleasure.

"I can't...hold it...any...longer," he said haltingly, like a boy gripping the side of a cliff. His eyes rolled back just as Lester held his breath and banged out wad after wad of cream.

"Yahoo!" Lester Paul shouted, and from underneath the darker Bermder came the muffled groan of the slowly reviving Trick.

"Oh, my," Lester Paul said, standing up as the boy beneath him shot a copious load that covered the insides of Lester Paul's thighs, making a general mess of him.

"I sure am hungry," Lester Paul said, rubbing his naked belly. All four men were sprawled together, legs entwined.

"There are them chickens I saw in the back of your truck," Danny said, eager to test his butchering skills.

"I say we get on down to your diner," Trick said; he was obviously feeling much better. "I saw a meat loaf special on the menu."

"Do you like meat loaf?" Lester Paul asked.

"Love it," Trick answered.

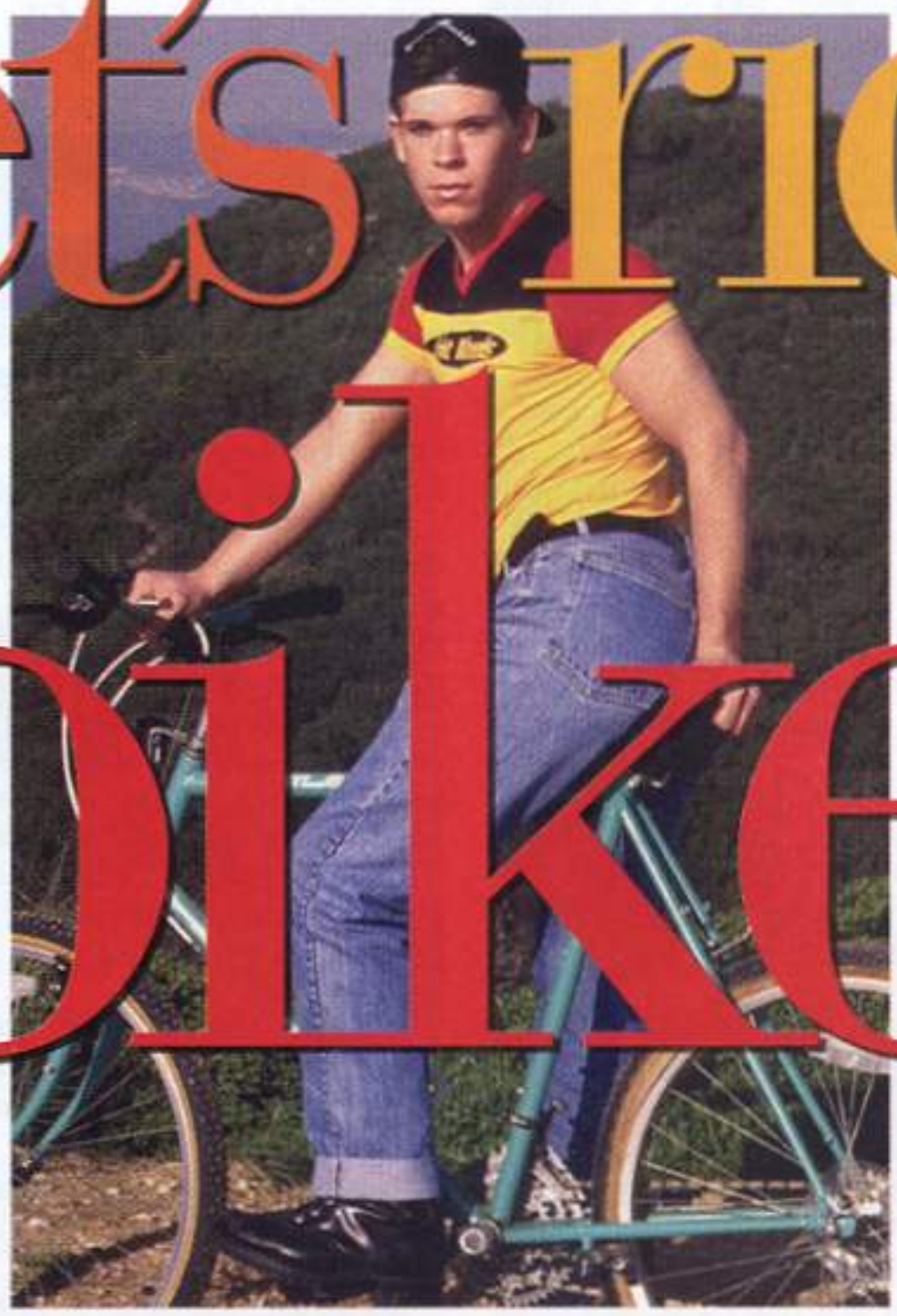
"It's my favorite too," Lester Paul said, snuggling up to his new boyfriend.

Danny turned to Lester. "I got a tenderloin test tomorrow I've got to study for," he said sorrowfully.

"That's all right, little buddy," Lester said.

The foursome broke up into pairs, one couple per vehicle—Lester Paul driving the pickup with Trick, Danny driving his car with Lester. They were all holding hands, both drivers being distracted by soulful, closed-eye smooching. One wonders how they made it to the diner in one piece—but then those Bermder boys were always kind of lucky that way. ●

let's ride bikes

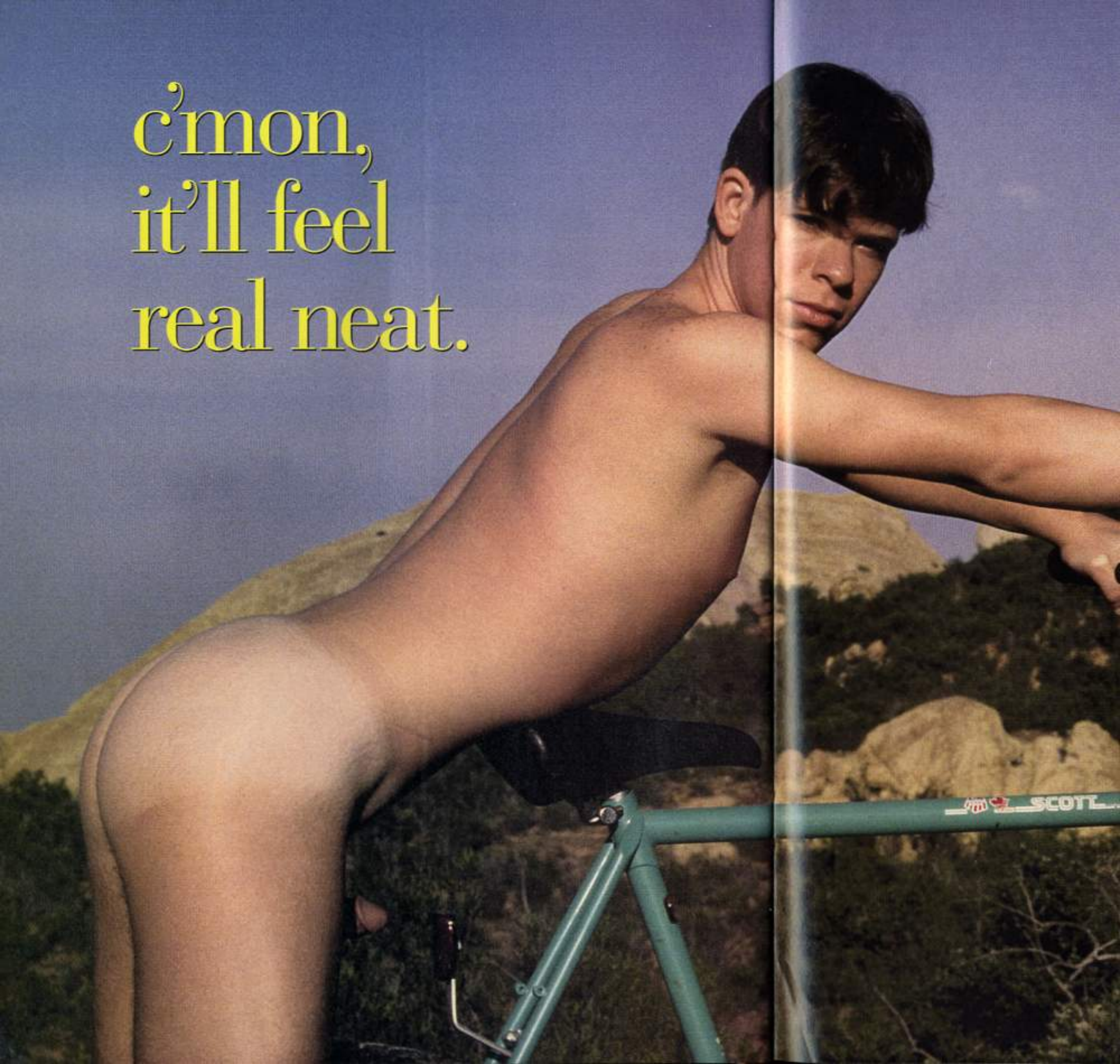


c'mon,
we don't
have to be
home
till dark.

Model: **Joey Carr**
Photography: **Brian Scott**

SCOTT

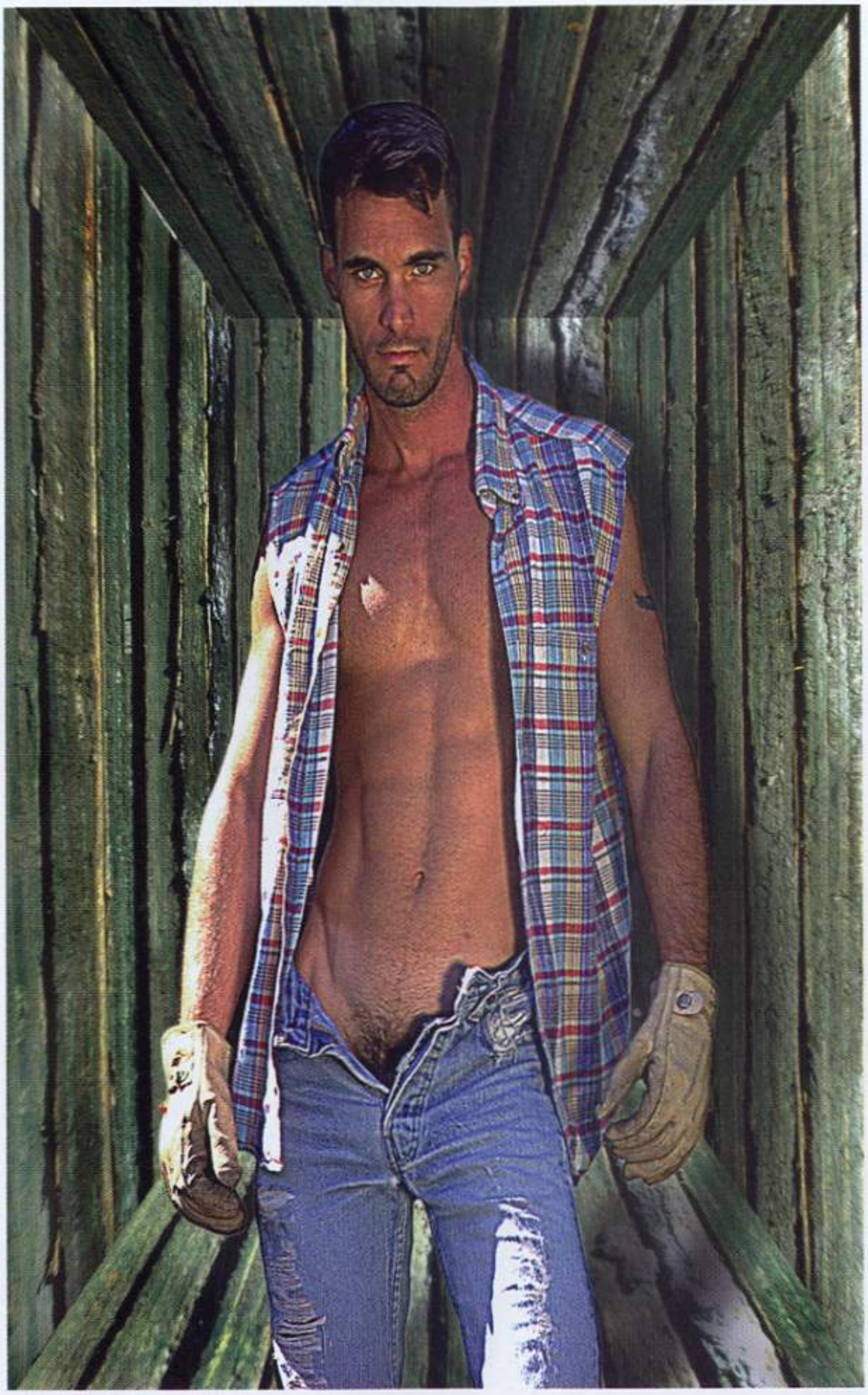
c'mon,
it'll feel
real neat.



SCOTT

c'mon,
you do it
to me now.

c'mon,
you can
sleep over.



Riding a Stried

By Parker Vreeland

Even singing ABBA's new song "Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!" at the top of my lungs was not dispelling the boredom of the wintry Illinois countryside. Through mid December there wasn't any snow, which I would have hated driving in, but at least it would have made the empty fields and bare trees attractive. As it was it was just barren, gray, and practically putting me to sleep.

Dad and Mom had decided that we'd all spend Christmas with her family in Michigan this year. I couldn't go with them, because I had finals until the 19th, so I had to drive up from Texas by myself. This was working out well for other members of the family, though—which was why I was bouncing my poor old Ford Pinto down rutted back roads outside Decatur looking for Aunt Rose's place. Her husband, Denny Stried, had stayed behind when she left for Kalamazoo; one of the mares was about to foal, and he didn't want to leave such a possibly complicated job for the neighbors to handle. It was my task to swing by and pick him up so we would both be at Grandpa Gagnier's in time for Christmas.

I had met Uncle Denny only a couple of times before. He was my aunt's second husband and, at 36, was much younger than she was. They had been married only about five years. He was a very nice-looking man, and even though I'd been just 13 when they married in 1974, I had also noticed that he was pretty sexy. I found myself thinking about that on the long, lonely drive up from Texas. A lot. Pity he was my aunt's husband.

There was no answer when I knocked on the door, so I walked back behind the house and out to the barn. Sure enough, Uncle Denny was out there with Rosie's Candy Bar, putting down a fresh bed of straw for her.

Although it was not particularly warm in the barn, Uncle Denny had the first three buttons of his flannel shirt undone, and the sleeves were rolled up to biceps level. He had a lean build, but I could still tell he had put on some muscle since I had seen him last. With the front of his shirt splayed open across his thickly striated upper pecs, I could see his chest was lightly hairy and still sporting the vestige of a summer tan.

Uncle Denny looked up when the door shut, brushing straight, wispy bangs out of his deep brown eyes. He broke into an in-

He casually pulled off his shirt, wiped down his torso with it, then tossed it on the hay bale next to me.

credibly boyish, sexy smile, all white teeth and dimples. "Well, hey there, Parker," he said. "Long time no see. How was the trip up?"

"Oh, OK," I replied, trying to stifle a yawn but failing. "Nothing personal, Uncle Denny, but this part of the country is not exactly a scenic wonder this time of year. I've been practically falling asleep ever since St. Louis."

He laughed and rumpled my hair much like you would a much younger nephew. It gave me goose pimples up and down my back. "Poor kid. Why don't you go settle in to the guest room and take a catnap. I'll be out here with Candy for a little bit longer, then I'll come in and see which of Rosie's casseroles is left for supper."

It sounded good to me, and before too long I was fast asleep in the back bedroom. A while later I groggily woke up and heard the shower just shutting off in the bathroom. Rubbing my eyes, I rolled over to face the door. After a slight jolt I rubbed them again: No, I was not seeing things. Uncle Denny was walking through the door, still slightly shiny with water, quite splendidly naked.

He noticed I was awake and flashed me that sexy, dimpled grin again. "Have a good nap?" he asked.

"Yeah," I replied. "Feel great."

He opened the closet door, and I stared at his lean, muscled back, displayed to great advantage by the light coming in from the hall. He had an incredible butt for a man on his way to 40. "I'm afraid we're sort of roommates. This old house doesn't have much in the way of closet space, so I use this one, and Rosie has the one in our room. I'll try not to be too much of a pest, though."

He slipped on a pair of jeans. The fact that he omitted underwear did not escape my attention. "That's OK," I said, sitting up. "I'm used to sharing a dorm room. Besides, it's only for a night or two...isn't it? How much longer do you think Candy has?"

Uncle Denny turned to face me, pulling a sleeveless T-shirt over his head. "She should have foaled a week ago, so any time now. Don't worry," he added, sitting down on the bed next to me to put on his shoes, "we'll get ya to Grandpa's before Santa."

What I wanted for Christmas was not in Santa's sack but sitting on mine, in blue jeans and a white muscle shirt. And I certainly wasn't going to get it at Grandpa's! I sighed.

As the evening wore on, I fell more and more in lust with Denny. His body was very toned and defined. His shirt fitted tightly, hugging his torso, highlighting the dark brown disks of his nipples and the long cleft down the center of his back. The jeans had started to wear nearly through in the seat and crotch. It was all I could do to keep my hands to myself as we both wedged ourselves into the love seat to watch *The Incredible Hulk* and *The Dukes of Hazzard*. By the time we turned in—and I had to sit on my bed and watch him undress—I thought I would explode. Needless to say, I had a torrid wet dream that night.

By noon the next day, we finally had some news on the equine front: Candy had begun to show signs that labor was imminent, and Uncle Denny said she should have her foal within 12 hours. Denny busied himself around the barn so that he would be there when the time came, and I did what little I could to help. Not being much of a farm boy, I mainly stayed out of the way and ogled him with as much discretion as a lusty 18-year-old can muster.

By sundown Candy still hadn't produced her foal. Even watching Denny had started to wear a little thin, and I began yawning.

"What's the matter, Parker?" he asked, coming out of the tack room. "Missin' your nap?"

I had tried not to get caught looking so bored. "Oh, I'll live," I replied. "Any sign of the foal?"

"Nope. But it can't be long now."

I noticed that once again, despite the chill of the barn, Denny had loosened his shirt and was flashing all sorts of yummy-looking flesh. He seemed not to realize just how dangerous that was getting.

"Uncle Denny, why do all these horses have such silly—I mean, well, such odd names?" I asked. "There's no Flickas or Triggers or Black Beauties. They're all called things like Rosie's Candy Bar, Stried's Zanza Bar, Denny's Bar BQ. What's the scoop?"

As I had hoped, he came and sat down next to me on the hay bales. He smelled faintly of leather from working in the tack room. "Well, Candy's the main broodmare," he began, "and she's descended from Three Bars, one of the best sprinter studs in the country. So to let everyone know the bloodline, we always put *Bar* in the name of any foal she has. You come up with some pretty funny stuff that way, I guess, but that's just the way in the horse business." He slapped my knee playfully as he stood up, and it sent a shiver down my spine. "Catchin' a chill out here, Parker?"

"Just a little. Us Southern boys aren't used to all this cold weather."

"Really? I don't notice it so much. I always seem to get too warm out here. Like now. You're shivering, and I'm breaking out in a sweat." He casually pulled off his shirt while saying this, wiped down his torso with it, then tossed it on the hay bale next to me. "I guess you Texans are just too wimpy for a real winter," he added playfully, turning to go back to the tack room.

I grabbed his shirt and, deftly twisting it à la a locker room towel, popped him on the butt with it with a loud whack. He yelped in surprise.

"Sir," I declared, summoning up several generations' worth of Southern drawl, "you have offended my honor and that of my country. I demand satisfaction." Boy, wasn't that the truth!

"Well, I would ask you to step outside," he replied, "but that wouldn't be too sporting, because you Southerners always freeze to death right off."

"Scalawag!" I cried, popping him again, this time on his flat, tight stomach.

"Hey! That one almost hurt!" Laughing, he lunged at the shirt in my hand, trying to disarm me. I shoved it behind my back and sat on it.

"Sorry," I said. "It's mine now."

Denny threw his arms around me, trying to reach the shirt. "You little punk! Give me my shirt back, or I'll tickle you off of it."

I threw my hands against his chest and started pushing as he began tickling my sides. We fell off the bale and into a pile of hay on the floor. We were wrestling in earnest now—I hate being tickled. However, that aversion wasn't nearly as strong as my desire to keep my hands firmly planted against the straining muscles of his shoulders and chest. He was sweating now, and as I pushed harder against his pecs, my hands suddenly slipped and I wound up bumping my forehead against his. Seizing his advantage, Denny pressed me close with one arm as the other untucked my shirt to bare my sides.

"Now I've got ya!" he exclaimed with a laugh, tickling me mercilessly. I screamed giggled pleas into his ear as I squirmed and kicked against him. The squirming caused my crotch to grind against his, and despite my discomfort I soon had an oozing hard-on.

Then I realized that the grinding was not all my own. Denny's laughter had died down, and only his heavy, panting breath was in my ear. His fingers weren't so much tickling any more as running up and down my flank up under my shirt. Suddenly, with a grunt, Denny's mouth dived onto mine in a wet, tongue-twirling kiss. Oh, boy! Santa had come early!

I immediately squeezed him tight against me to let him know that his sudden assault was indeed welcome. Of course, the fact that I was trying to swallow his tongue probably would have tipped him off just as well. My hands slid over his sweaty back and followed the valley that ran along his spine until the path was blocked by denim. I clamped onto the two heaving mounds of his muscled ass, which, because of his humping of my crotch, were twitching like a sackful of fighting tomcats. Denny made an especially aggressive jab into my throat with his tongue, my hands tensed in response, and I heard the ripping of fabric. I then remembered the worn condition of Denny's jeans, and my hands soon felt the warm, hairy flesh of his ass.

I tore my mouth away from his and clamped down on the thick, straining cord along the side of his neck. I sucked on the salty flesh, running the broad, flat surface of my tongue all over it. Denny occasionally let out quiet moans and gravelly sighs until I had slowly worked all the way up his neck, across his stubbly jawline, and back to his mouth. We began kissing again as Denny quickly undid the buttons of my shirt.

He soon returned the favor by gnawing on my neck and firmly caressed my cheek with one hand. In a moment I was sucking on one of his fingers, giving a sneak preview of what would come later—only farther down. As Denny moved up and started biting my earlobe, he took his now-sloppy-wet finger and rubbed it around my right nipple. After he got it hard and erect, he pinched it with a good deal of force and at the same time gave a harder thrust with his crotch. I cried out, surprised at how pleasurable the pain he was inflicting felt. Each pinch and twist shot jolts of orgasmic shudders through my body. Denny watched me with a leering grin as I squirmed and struggled, half wanting to get away and half wanting a lot more. It was driving me perilously close to shooting my load, and it was far too soon for that.

Although it took some doing, I got him to stop the tit torture, and I rolled him over onto his back. Having him shirtless was not enough—I wanted all the wrappings off my Christmas present! But first things first. Standing up, I shucked my own bulky flannels, boots, and jeans. Denny stared at me while I undressed, slowly rubbing the big mound of denim between his legs. Facing away from him, I straddled his leg and placed his boot against my crotch, tugging on it. He rubbed it back and forth, forcing me to hump the dirty leather before he let it slide off.

I repeated this with the other foot, though the humping lasted longer. I heard a barely audible "Fine fucking ass!" from Uncle Denny, so I didn't rush it. I made sure my butt puckered and flexed plenty as my dick brushed up against the caked dirt and dry straw that clung to his boot. This was pretty hot in itself—my precome was leaking like crazy and making little spots of mud—but I had something a little more "interactive" in mind for my uncle, so off the boot came, and I turned back to face him.

He had undone the zipper of his jeans, and about two inches of his cock were poking up out of the fly. It was very thick, and the sticky head was red and swollen. Even standing at his feet, I could see the deep gash of his piss slit, seeping like Old Faithful before an eruption.

With a quick dive I had my face down against the fleshy geyser and was lapping at the slippery dome, finally running the tip of my tongue back and forth through the slit. Denny growled, pushed my face tight against his dick, and with his other hand frantically shoved down his jeans. More and more of his cock fought its way out of the fly, the zipper teeth scratching my chin, until finally two large, heavy balls plopped out and the entire fuck tool was free.

About seven inches long, it was even thicker than I had expected and covered with veins in high relief. They felt like corrugated cardboard as I ran my tongue up and down the sides. I was tightly pinching the skin between his balls at the very base, where they're close to the asshole. I let one finger tickle this area until it found the puckered opening and slowly worked it in. At the same time, I went back up to the head of Denny's dick and with some effort slid the whole thing into my mouth in one tight, clean stroke.

It was like stuffing three whole bananas down your throat all at once, but Denny's grunts of pleasure got my mind off gagging and onto sucking this pole with a truly inspired vengeance. I thought about how it had looked as he came into my room from the shower, dangling limply from his bush of pubic hair sparkling with water droplets. I thought about the tantalizing mound it had formed in his tight, worn jeans while we had sat together watching TV. I thought about how, as he had gotten ready for bed, it had disappeared into a pair of light cotton pajama bottoms and poked and prodded at the fabric as he walked around the room. I had wanted it so badly then, with no hope of getting it. But here it was—hard, rigid, thrusting into my throat,

"I'm gonna fuck that tight ass of yours, Uncle."

the salty taste of precome pouring over my taste buds. There's no aphrodisiac like finally getting that which you thought you had no hope of getting. I was practically taking the skin off poor Denny's dick.

More memories came rushing back to me, and I decided I wanted to work on the rest of that fabulous body. I tugged his Wranglers the rest of the way off. Starting at his ankles, I slowly massaged his muscles, working up his legs, lingering on his thick horseman's thighs, sliding over his ridged abdomen and up to his chiseled chest and shoulders. Denny's arms slid around me and pulled me close, doing some massaging of his own.

The throbbing of his dick against mine, combined with the staccato thrusts of his hips, let me know that some sort of decisive action was imminent. For a moment, though, I was unsure. Should I fuck or get fucked? Nothing Denny had done so far had indicated one or the other. I decided on the "jaded" approach. Being a married man, Uncle Denny could fuck anytime he wanted to. Let's offer the man a little variety.

I slid farther up his body until my stiff cock was poking his lips. He took the bait, as it were, and I started face-fucking him. His warm, wet mouth, tongue, and lips felt so heavenly, I almost let it go at that. But after a bit I withdrew, well-lubed with his spit, and quickly made my way back down between his legs. I looked up along his body, shiny with sweat, his washboard abs contracting and relaxing, his pecs heaving up and down as he panted with exertion and lust. I was ready.

"Get 'em up," I barked in a voice so butch, I kind of surprised myself. Hell, I was inspired. For a second Denny looked surprised too—and a bit hesitant. I grabbed the base of my dick, causing it to swell even more and turn a deep red. The huskiness in my voice deepened. "I said, get 'em up," I repeated. "I'm gonna fuck that tight ass of yours, Uncle. Don't you want your favorite nephew pounding away up your butt, pumping out shots of fuck cream into your gut?" I must have left the sound on once while watching a porn video. But it worked.

Denny, almost drooling, curved his lips up into a lascivious grin, narrowed his eyes, and pulled his well-muscled legs against his chest, exposing his puckered pink hole. Lubing it up with more spit, I rubbed the head of my dick around the opening, teasing us both with the sensation. Denny started moaning. I couldn't wait anymore. I pushed it in, savoring the resistance from his sphincter, which gave way to the warm, velvety embrace of his ass.

Placing my hands on either side of him, I leaned forward so that I could shove my cock in to the hilt. Even before I could get a rhythm going, I felt his ass muscles flexing and working on me. It was obvious that this was not "straight" Uncle Denny's first time at the rodeo.

Soon I was humping and grinding myself deep into him, feeling dizzy with the tight burning sensation in my dick as it dug along the walls of his fuck chute. Denny was uttering a veritable symphony of grunts, whimpers, growls, and sighs. His hand was jerking on his own thick rod, matching my pace. The pace increased. I fucked harder. I slammed into him again and again, the tingling, burning sensation taking control of my actions. Then it was too much. I cried out involuntarily and bashed into him with even more intensity than before as I started shooting great streams of come. At the same time, the fat, glistening tube of red flesh in Denny's fist erupted as well, pumping gobs of white semen onto his chest. He roared, scaring some of the horses, but neither of us noticed much. We were both too intent on squeezing out every bit of mind-numbing pleasure from our mutual orgasms.

Finally, weak and panting, I slid out of him, but before I could roll away, Denny grabbed me and pulled me against his sticky, sweaty body. His hands, covered with his own jism, slid seductively over my ass cheeks. He was panting heavily into my ear.

"Ooh, that was nice," he cooed, squeezing me even tighter. "We should have done that last night."

"If wet dreams count," I replied, "we did."

After lying together for a while, I started getting a chill, and we got up to get dressed. Denny, regaining some of his senses, went over to check on Candy. With a cry of surprise, he called me over. Sure enough, while we had been pounding out butt babies, Candy had had the real thing, and a wet-coated foal was lying next to her in her stall.

"So, Uncle Denny, what sort of 'bar' is this one going to be?" I asked, buttoning up my now-filthy shirt.

He looked thoughtfully at me a moment or so before a silly grin spread across his face. Then he kissed me. "I was thinking—how about R Bar-O'd Pleasure?"

I blushed a little. "Our Borrowed Pleasure? What would Aunt Rose say?"

"Not much. After all, the *Candy* in Rosie's Candy Bar stands for *Candace*."

"Oh," I replied, the picture becoming clear. "Wow!"

We just made it to Grandpa Gagnier's in time for Christmas. Aunt Rose seemed to like the name of the new foal and grinned at me for two days straight. It was unnerving—almost as unnerving as Uncle Denny's bragging to my parents about what a big help I had been during the delivery. "Your son knew just what to do, Dolly," he said. "I couldn't have done it without him."

"Really, Parker?" asked my mother, always eager to find a way to steer me away from getting a film degree. "Maybe you should look into veterinary science."

"I don't think so," I replied, trying not to look at Denny. "The only thing I want to do around horses is ride."

Denny nearly choked on his eggnog, Aunt Rose got the giggles, and, slightly confused, my mother dropped the subject for the moment. But ever optimistic, she and Dad sent me off to Illinois the next summer, hoping to encourage my interest in horses. It only encouraged my interest in horsemen. But I did do a lot of riding. ●

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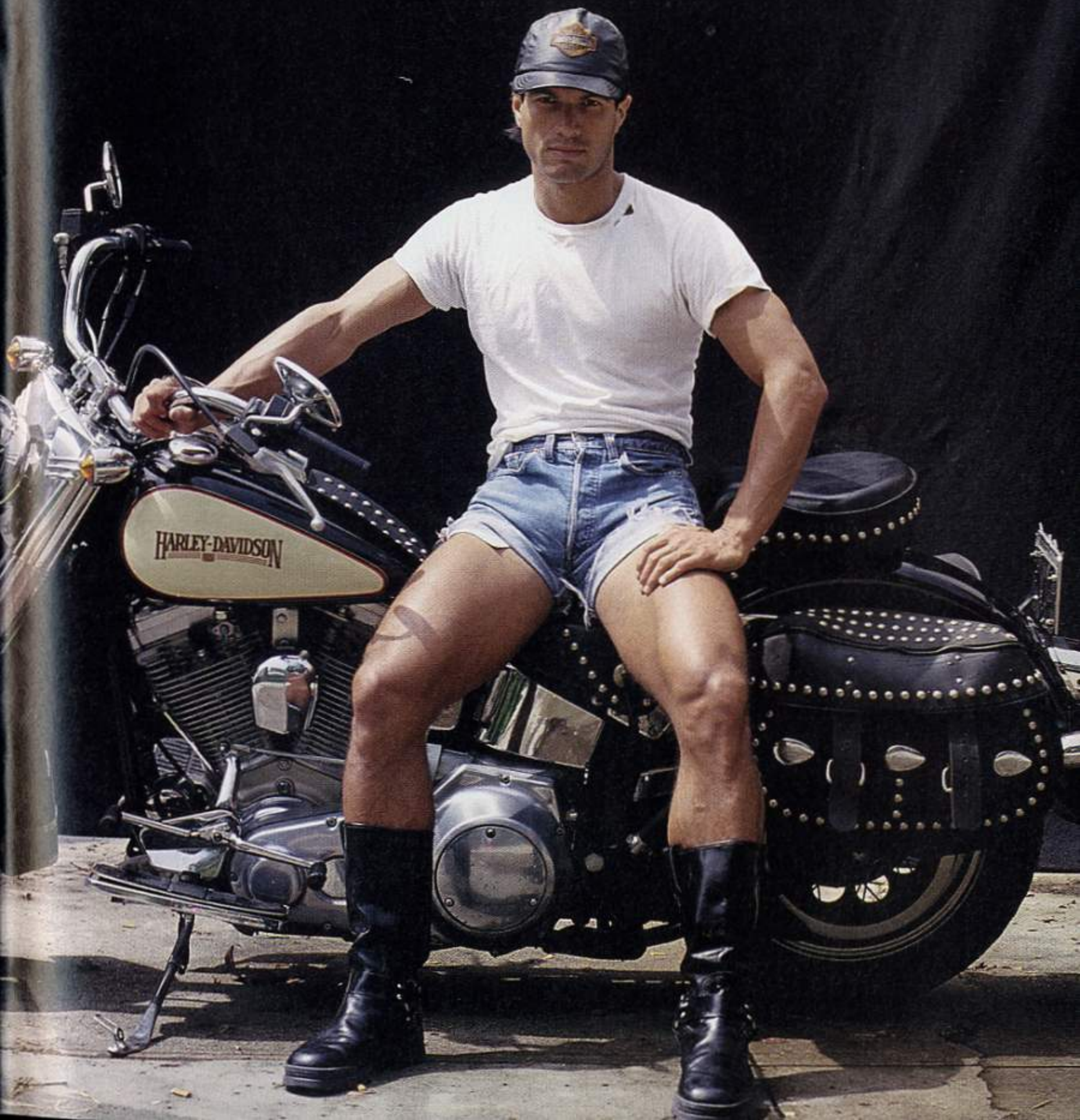
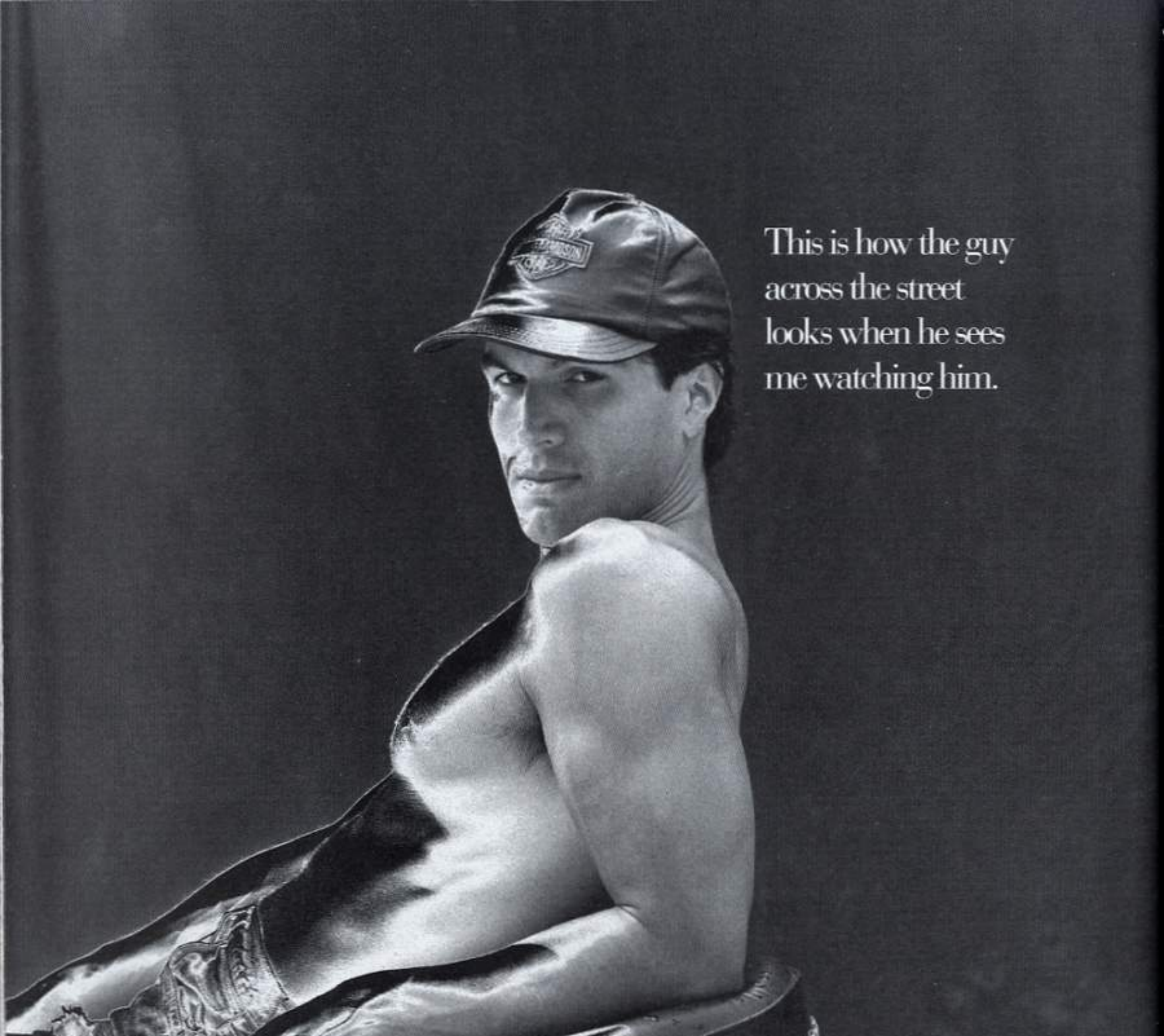
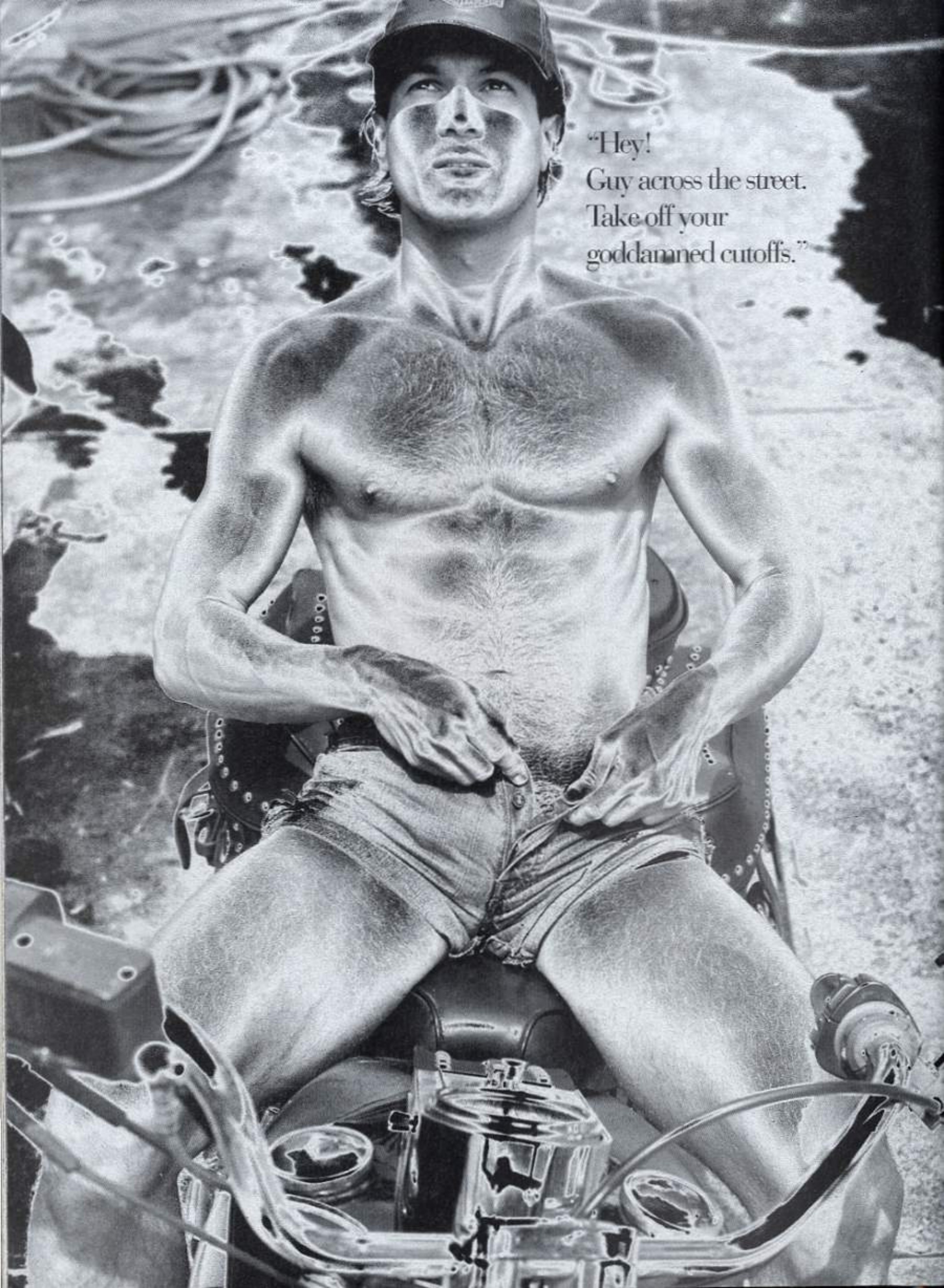
across the street who
washes his
motorcycle in the
driveway and
drives me nuts.




This is how the guy
across the street
looks when he sees
me watching him.

This is what I'd like
the guy across the
street to do with his
bucket of water.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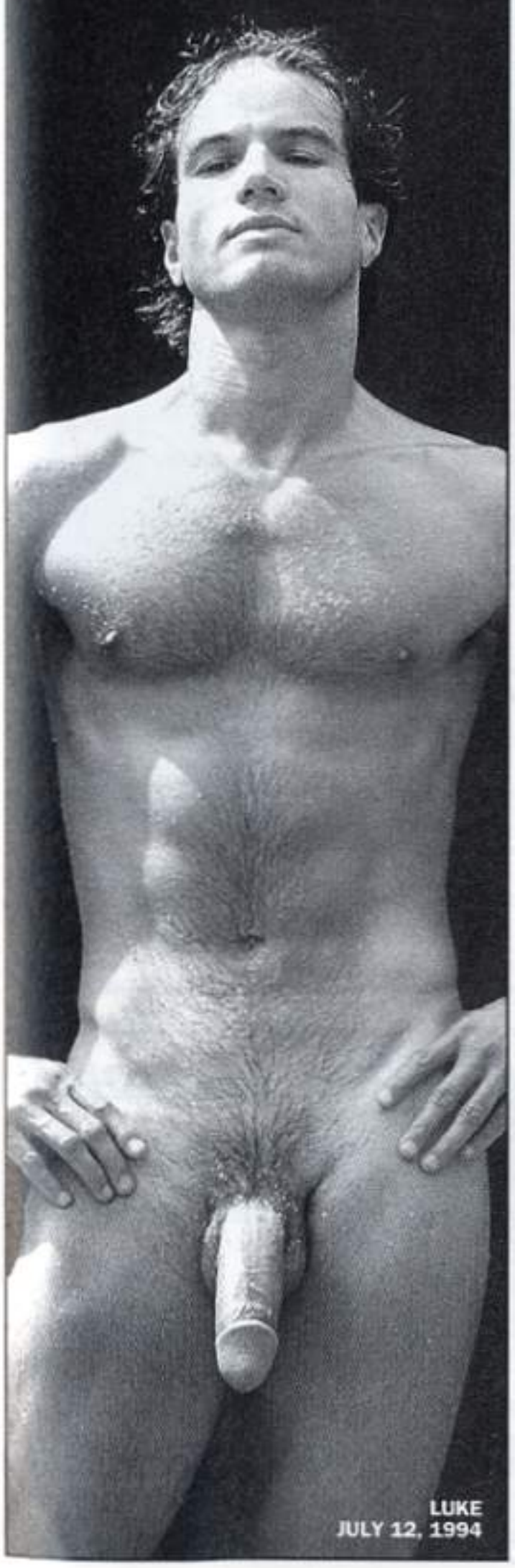

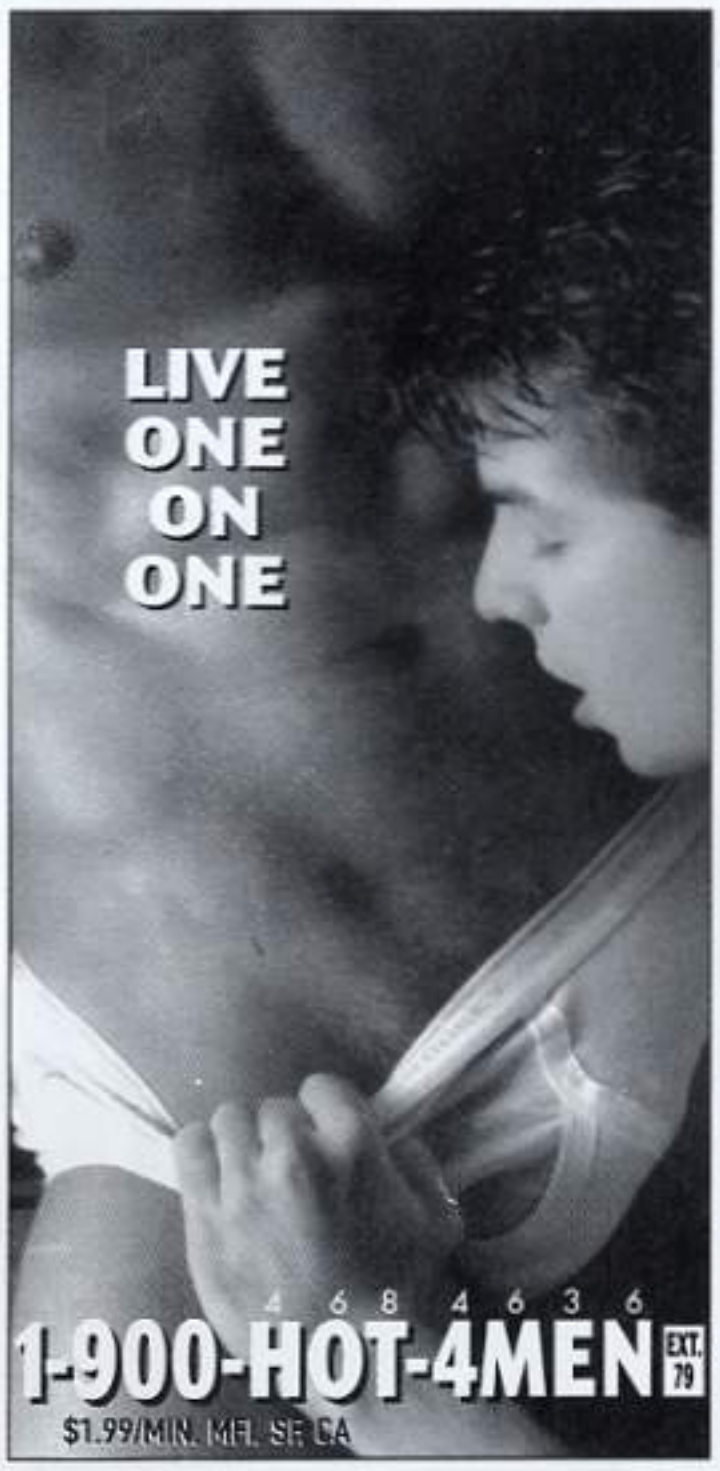

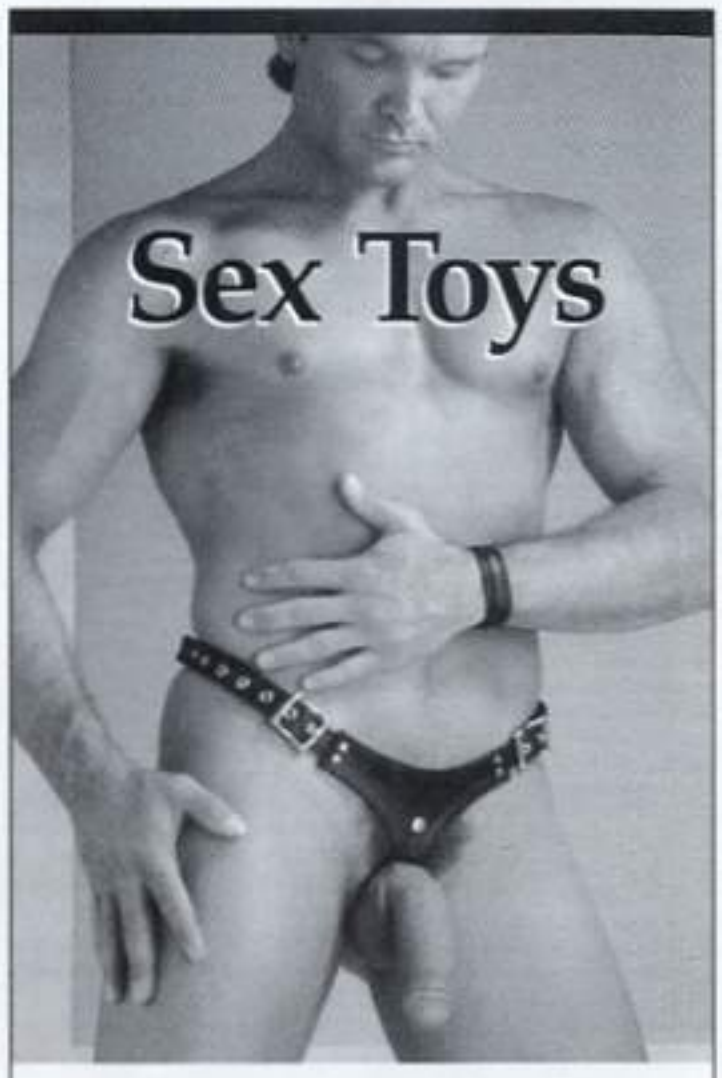

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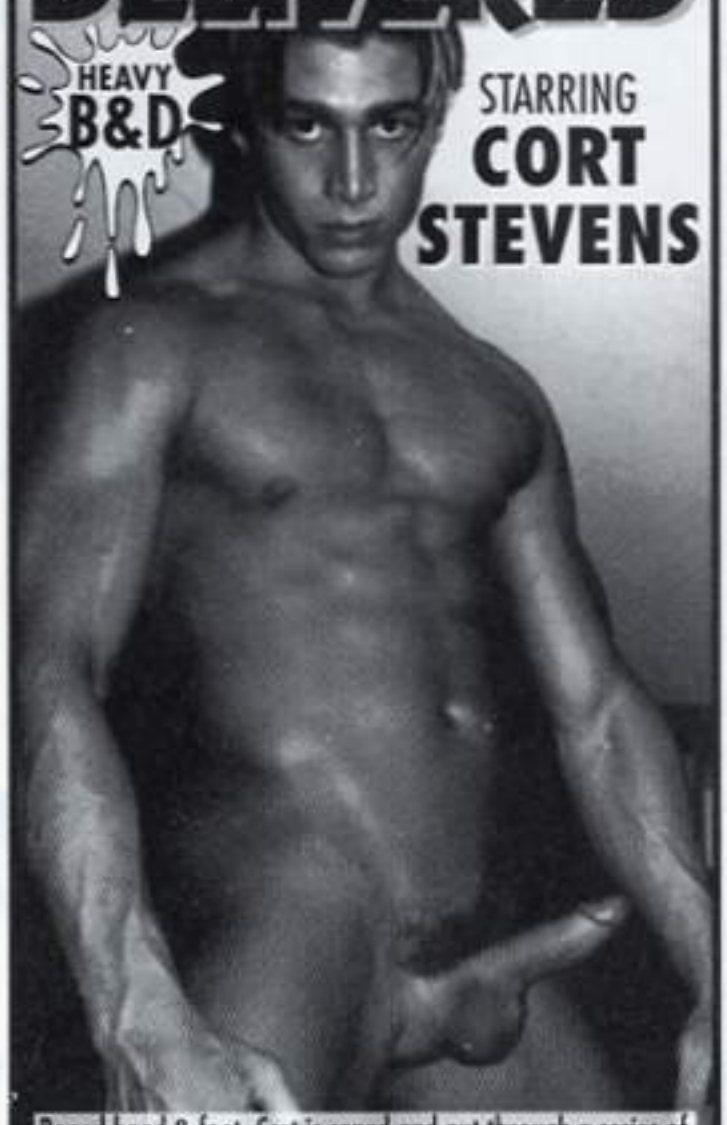

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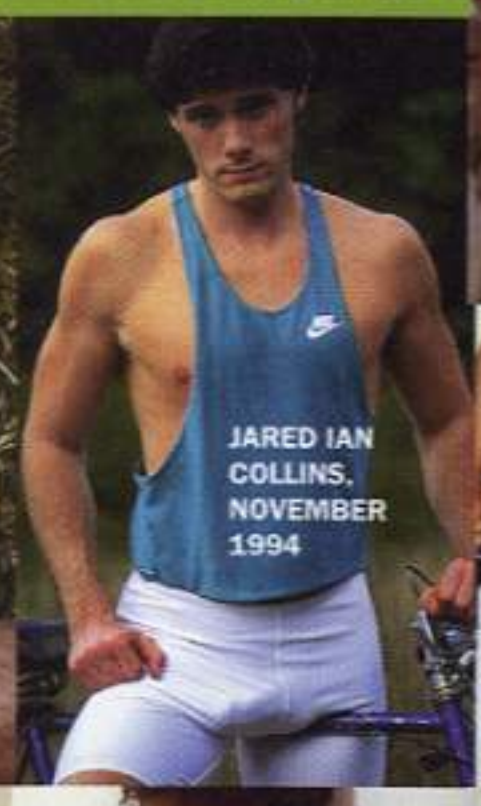
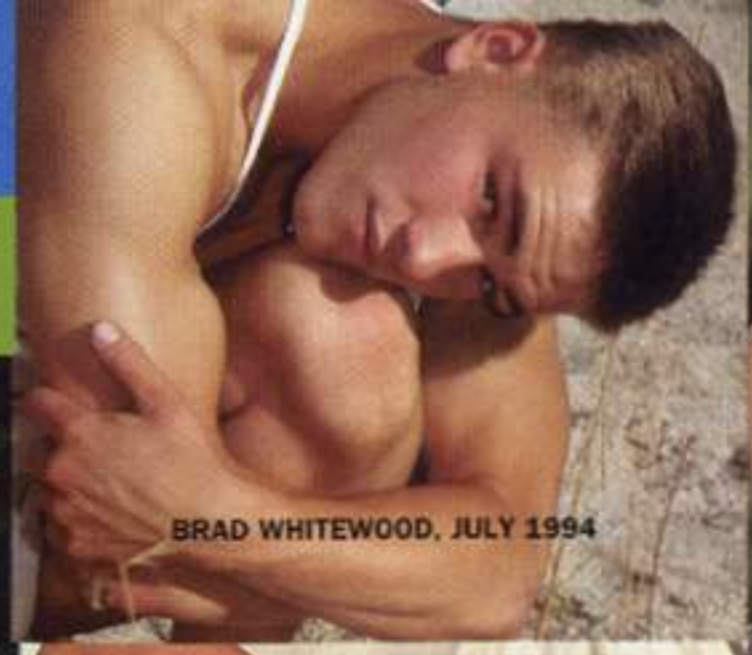
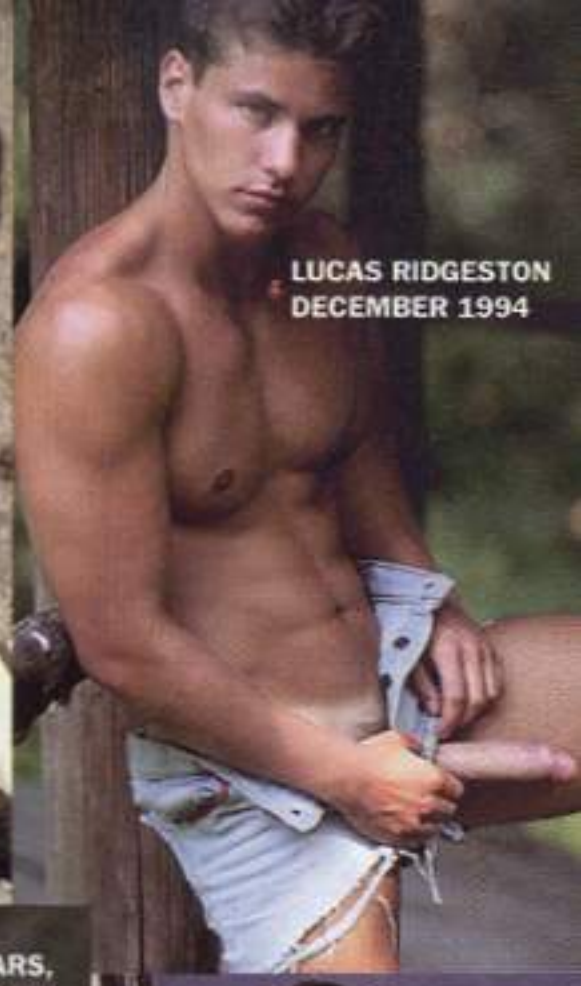

JARED IAN COLLINS, NOVEMBER 1994

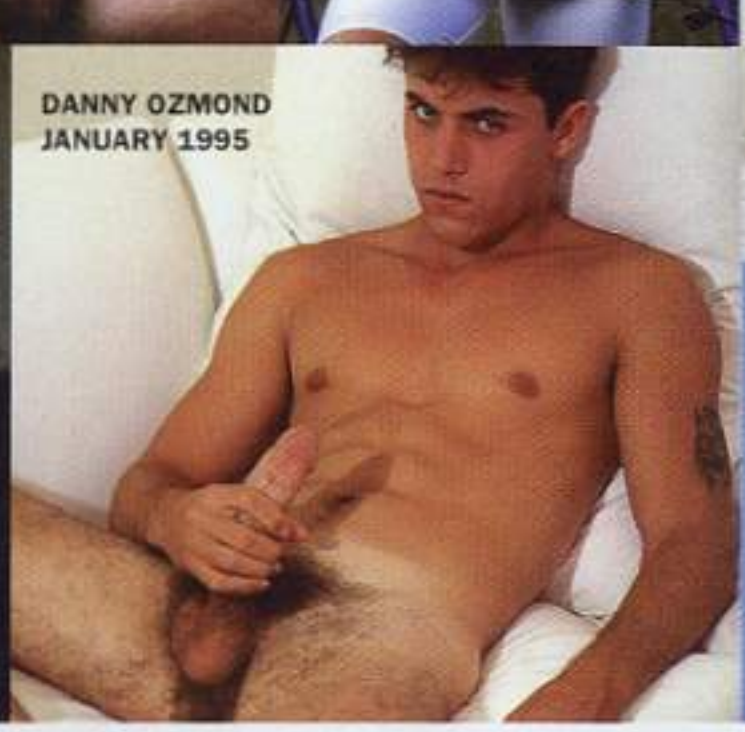

BRAD WHITEWOOD, JULY 1994

ADAM WILDE, OCTOBER 1994

STEVE NARS, OCTOBER 1994


LUCAS RIDGESTON DECEMBER 1994

LENNY BROCKTON, NOVEMBER 1994


DANNY OZMOND JANUARY 1995

KEVIN KRAMER, MAY 1995

RICHIE SANTOS, OCTOBER 1994

__ **AUGUST 1992** (279208) Models: Steve Davison, Rexx Stocker, Pingheu, Tom Farrell— Major Meat: Wes Daniels
__ **SEPTEMBER 1992** (279209) Models: Martin Paris, Vic Hall, R. Belafonte, Aaron Gun — Major Meat: Cody James
__ **MARCH 1993** (279303) Models: Jason Andrews, Lucas Ridgeston, Mark Taylor, C.J. — Major Meat: Randy Mixer
__ **MAY 1993** (279305) Models: Jason Stevens, Randy Matteus, Paul Stephens, Sergei Petronov — Major Meat: Jason Andrews
__ **JUNE 1993** (279306) Models: Pietro, Chuckie D., David Rathette, Frankie Halen — Major Meat: Rick Pantera
__ **SEPTEMBER 1993** (279309) Models: Randy Mixer, Peter Volp, Darryl White, Ian Christoph — Major Meat: Randy White
__ **NOVEMBER 1993** (279311) Models: Rudy Vasquez, Victor Boyd, Jeff Green, Danny Clarke — Major Meat: Zak Spears
__ **DECEMBER 1993** (279312) Models: Johnny Rey, Derek Cruise, Christopher Matt, Jesse — Major Meat: Taz Action
__ **APRIL 1994** (279404) Models: Francis Scott, Jeff Dillon, Joe Luger, Ernie Cunningham— Major Meat: Marco Rossi
__ **MAY 1994** (279405) Models: Aaron Austin, Max Stanley, Willy James, Surf Pups — Major Meat: Steve Maverick
__ **JUNE 1994** (279406) Models: Joe Schneider, Tony Idol, Sammy Liszt, Tony — Major Meat: Devyn Foster
__ **JULY 1994** (279407) Models: Paul Montana, Skip Marks, Tony Roosevelt, Brad Whitewood — Major Meat: Tom Katt
__ **AUGUST 1994** (279408) Models: Bo Summers, Adrian Gere, James Blackburn, Chad Donovan — Major Meat: Dave Logan
__ **SEPTEMBER 1994** (279409) Models: Ken Dahl, Dillon Clark, Ariel, Ray Trask — Major Meat: Alec Powers
__ **OCTOBER 1994** (279410) Models: Steve Nars, Roman Tabac, Adam Wilde, Richie Santos — Major Meat: Dylan
__ **NOVEMBER 1994** (279411) Sports Special. Models: Sports Nuts, Stretch Pearson, Lenny Brockton, More Sports Nuts — Major Meat: Justin Young
__ **DECEMBER 1994** (279412) Models: Anton Pittner, Lucas Ridgeston, Gary Dean, Tony Farrari — Major Meat: Claude Jourdan
__ **JANUARY 1995** (279501) Models: Rick Lawrence, Benny Drew, Danny Ozmond, Tom Turrel — Major Meat: Cort Stevens
__ **MARCH 1995** (279503) Models: Zach Daniels, Alexander Strauss, Stan Paget, Dane Thomas — Major Meat: Alex Wild
__ **APRIL 1995** (279504) Models: Brandon Hunter, Marty Bevins, Leo Husek, Eddie Cochran — Major Meat: Wolff
__ **MAY 1995** (279505) Models: Underwear shots, Kevin Kramer, Leonardo, Peter Corman — Major Meat: Vince Rockland
__ **JUNE 1995** (279506) Models: Paul Stephens, Mikal Janos, Deny Kolos, Alan Saudek — Major Meat: Christian Murphy

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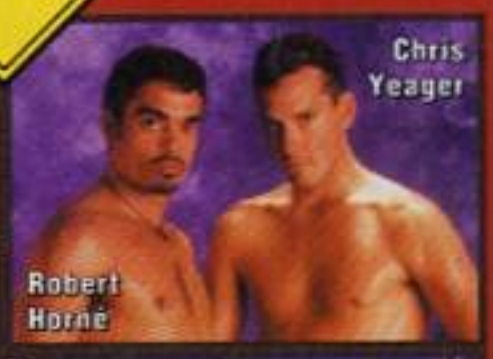

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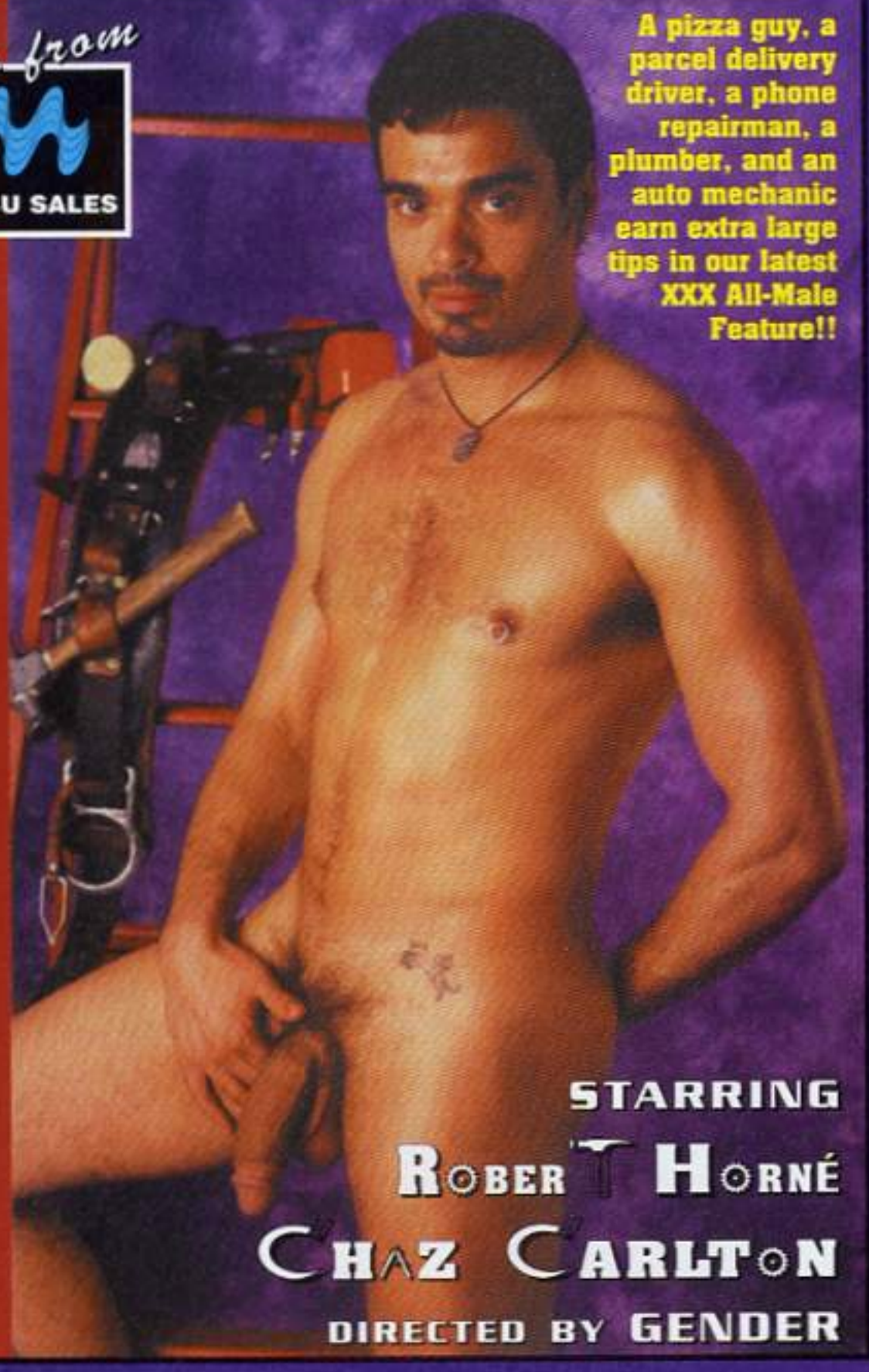
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Item# V1024 80 mins.
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TEXAS SIZE 12
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SUNDAY BRUNCH
Item# V1034 86 mins.
Brunchers recount past sexual experiences. Good anal film. Starring Rod Garetto, Geoffrey Spears, Darryl Weld, Robert Larkin, Bret Winters, Dallas Taylor, Eddie Crane, and Rick Coleman.

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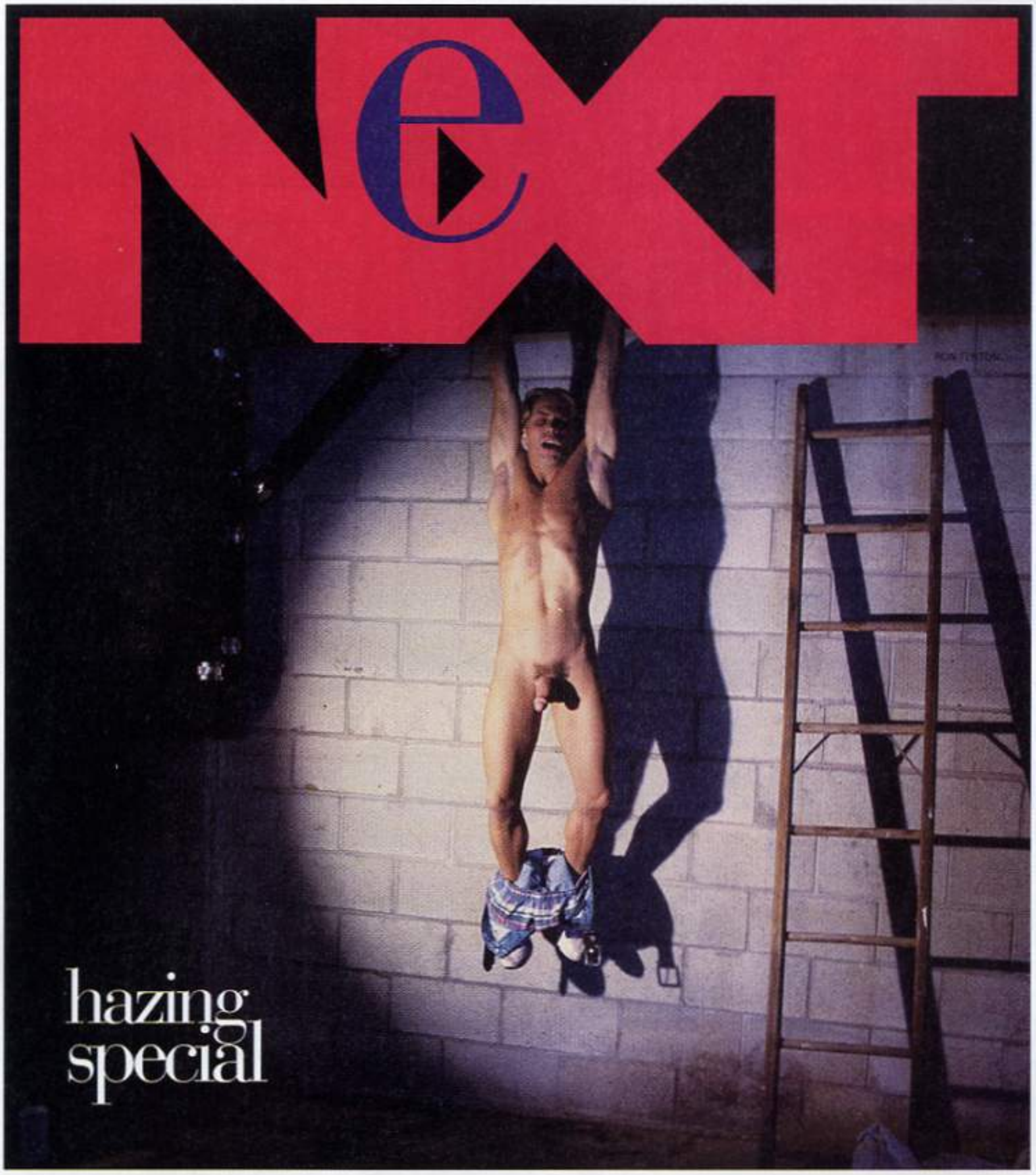

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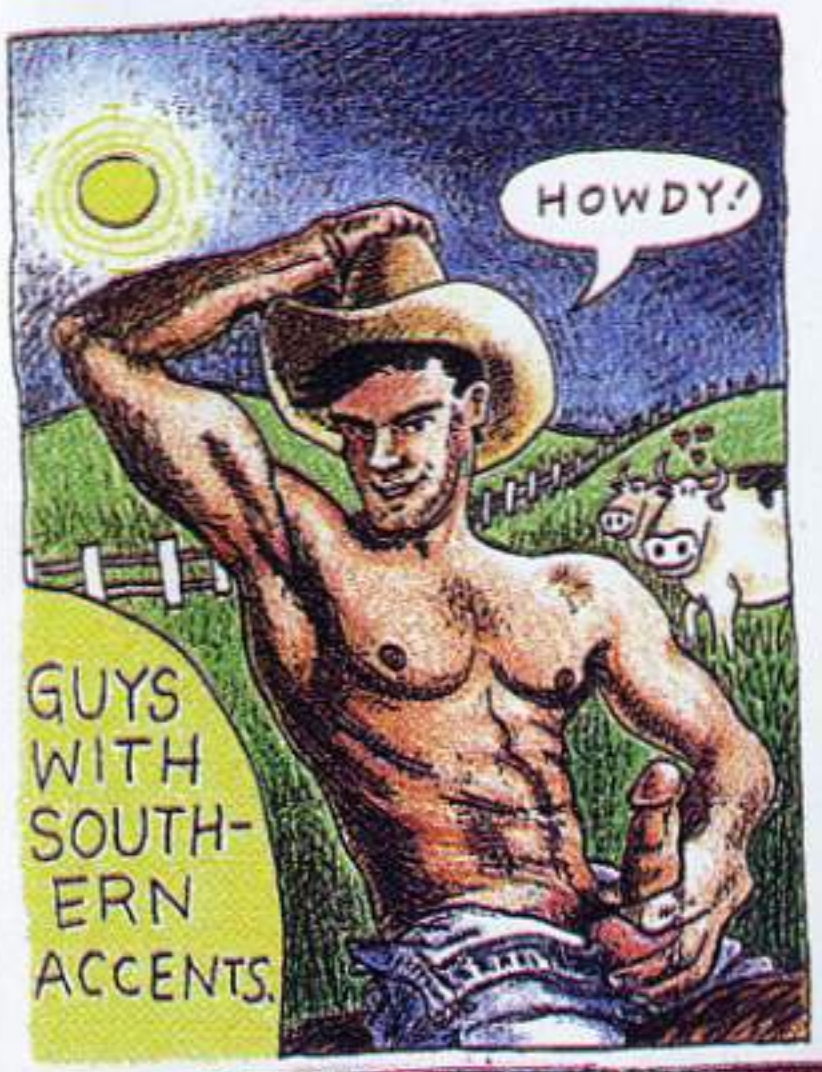

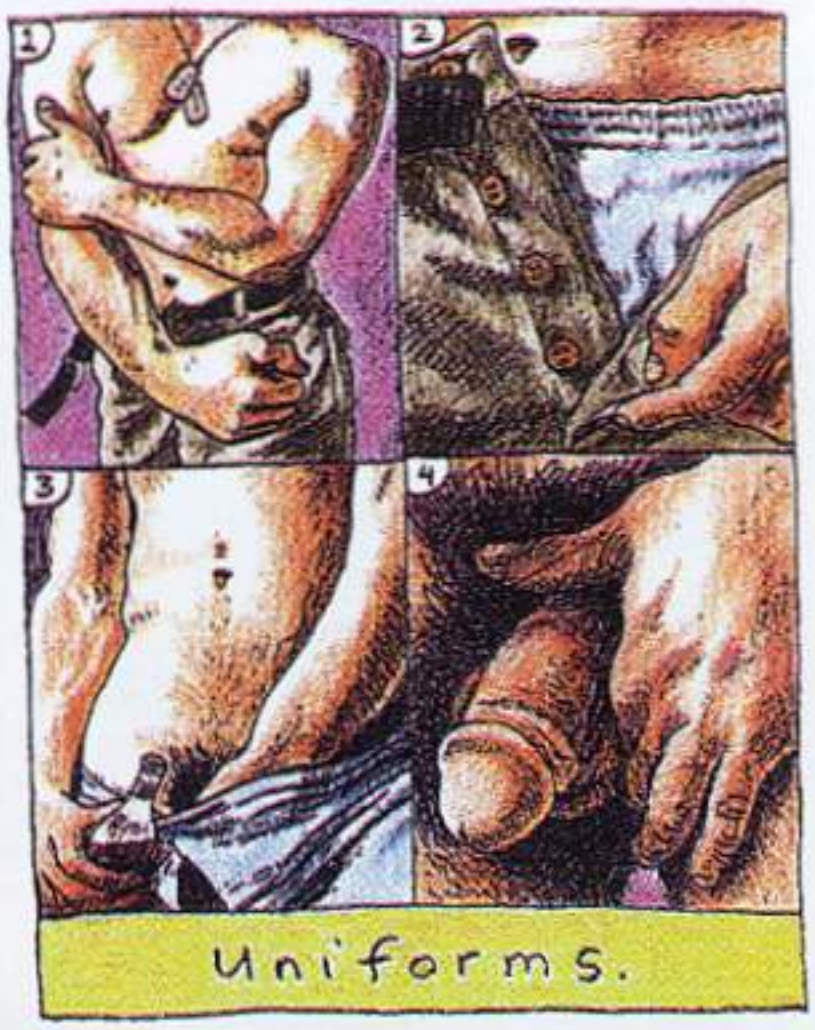

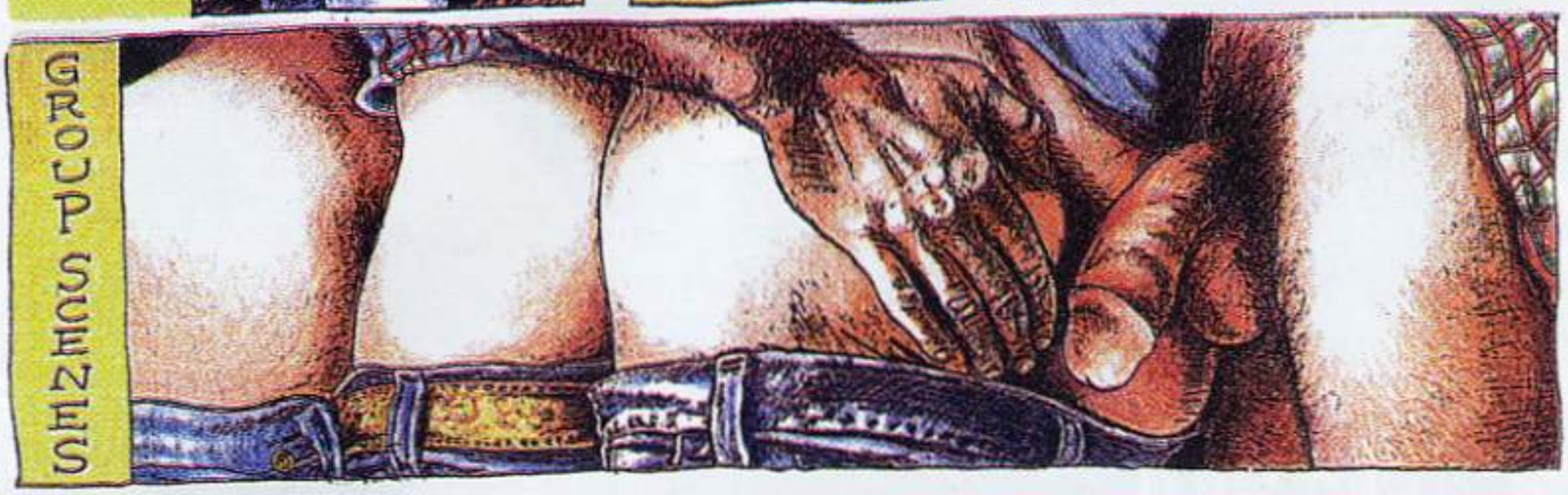

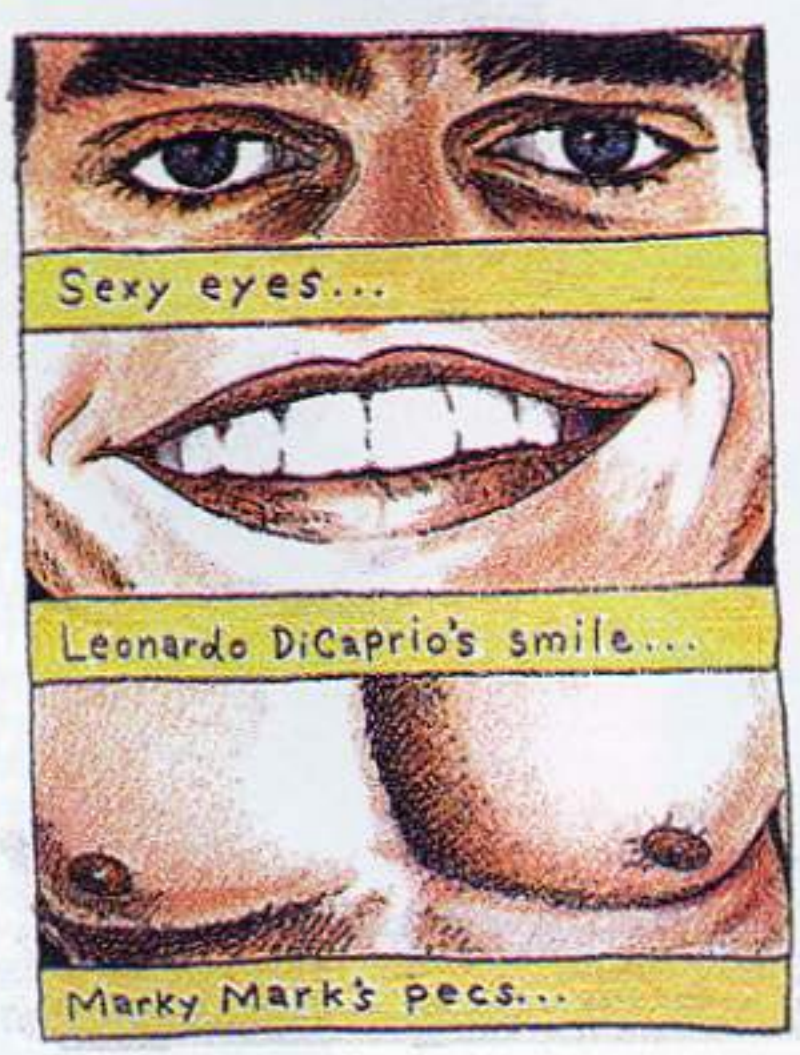

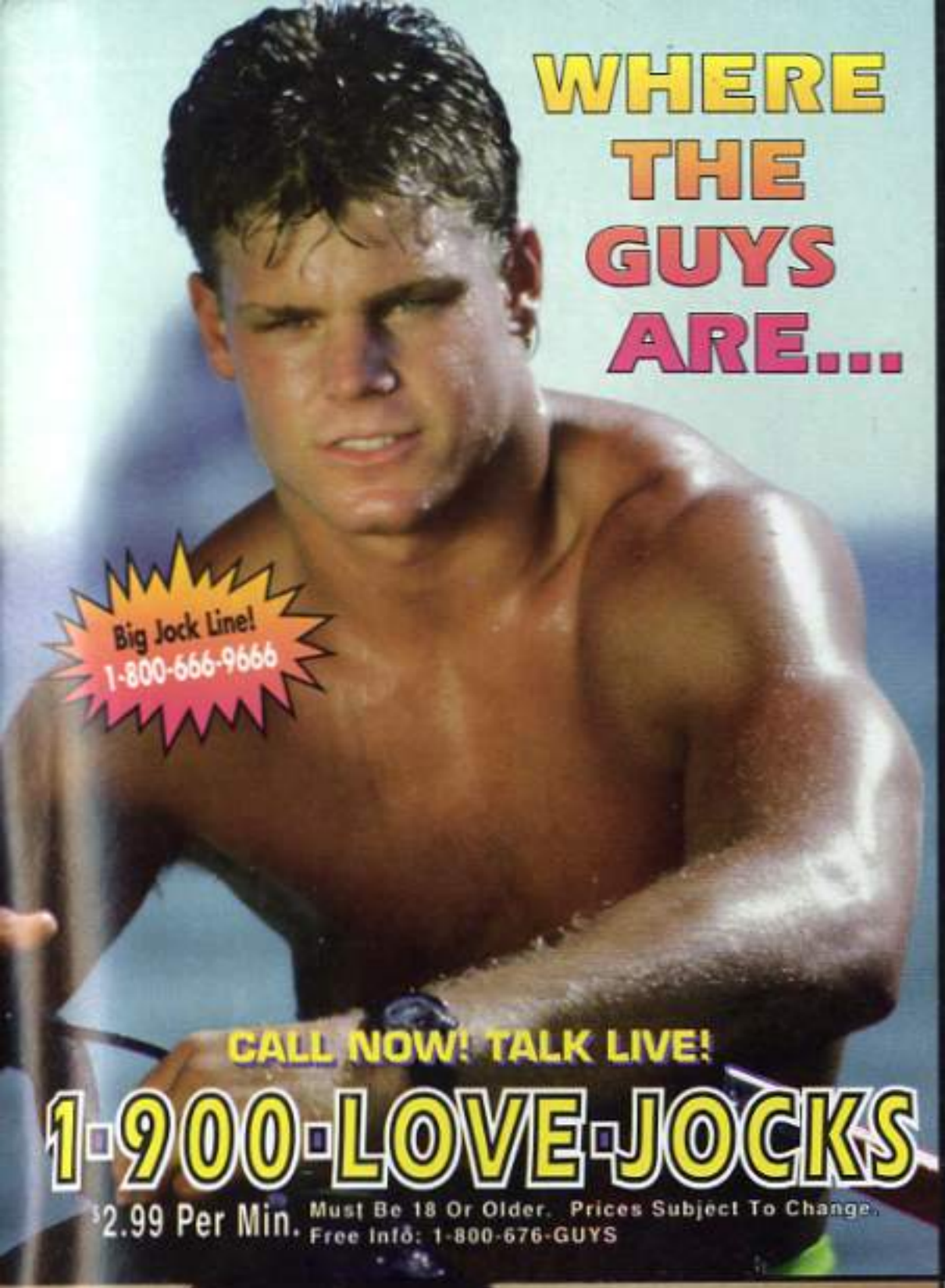
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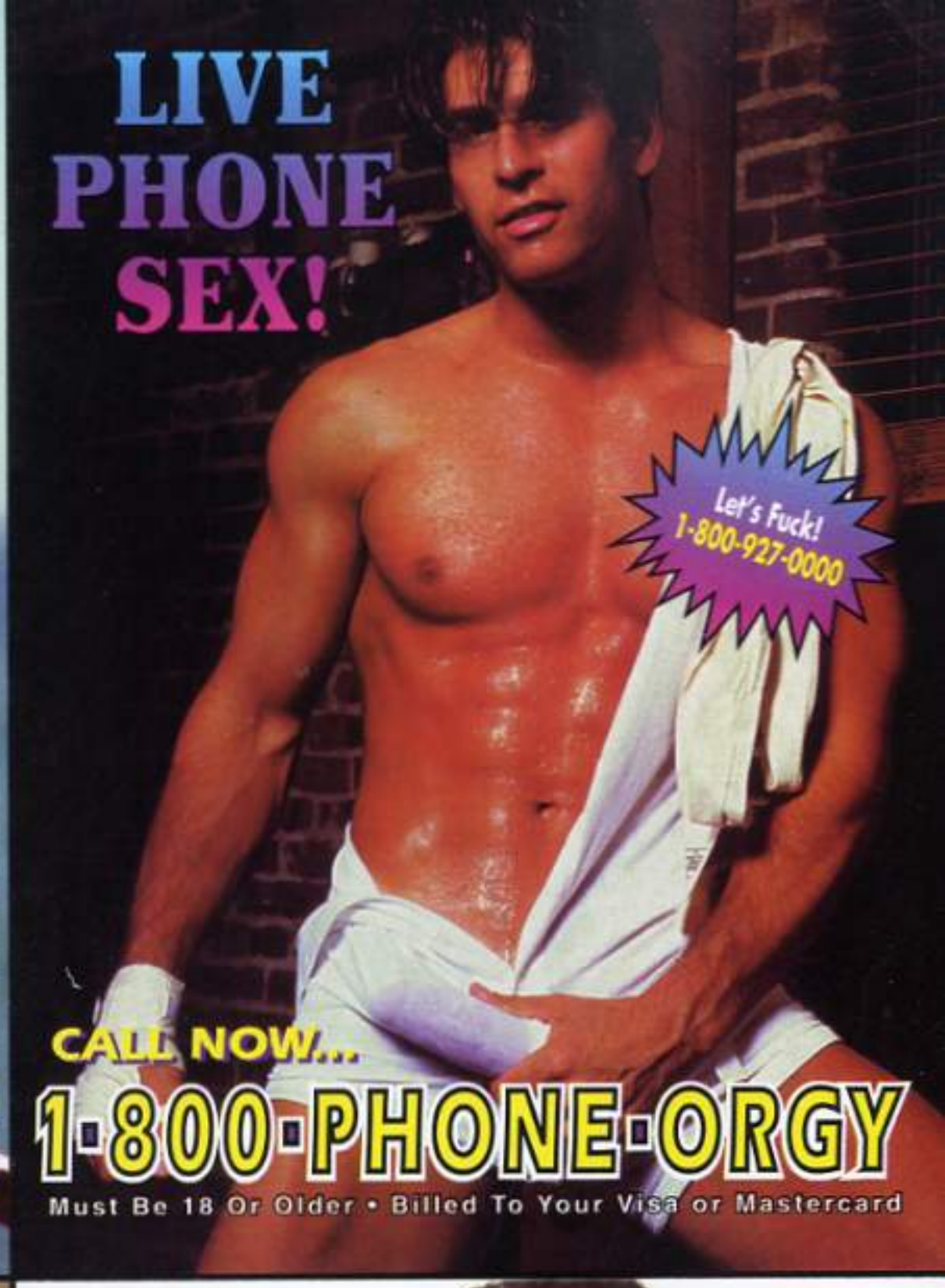
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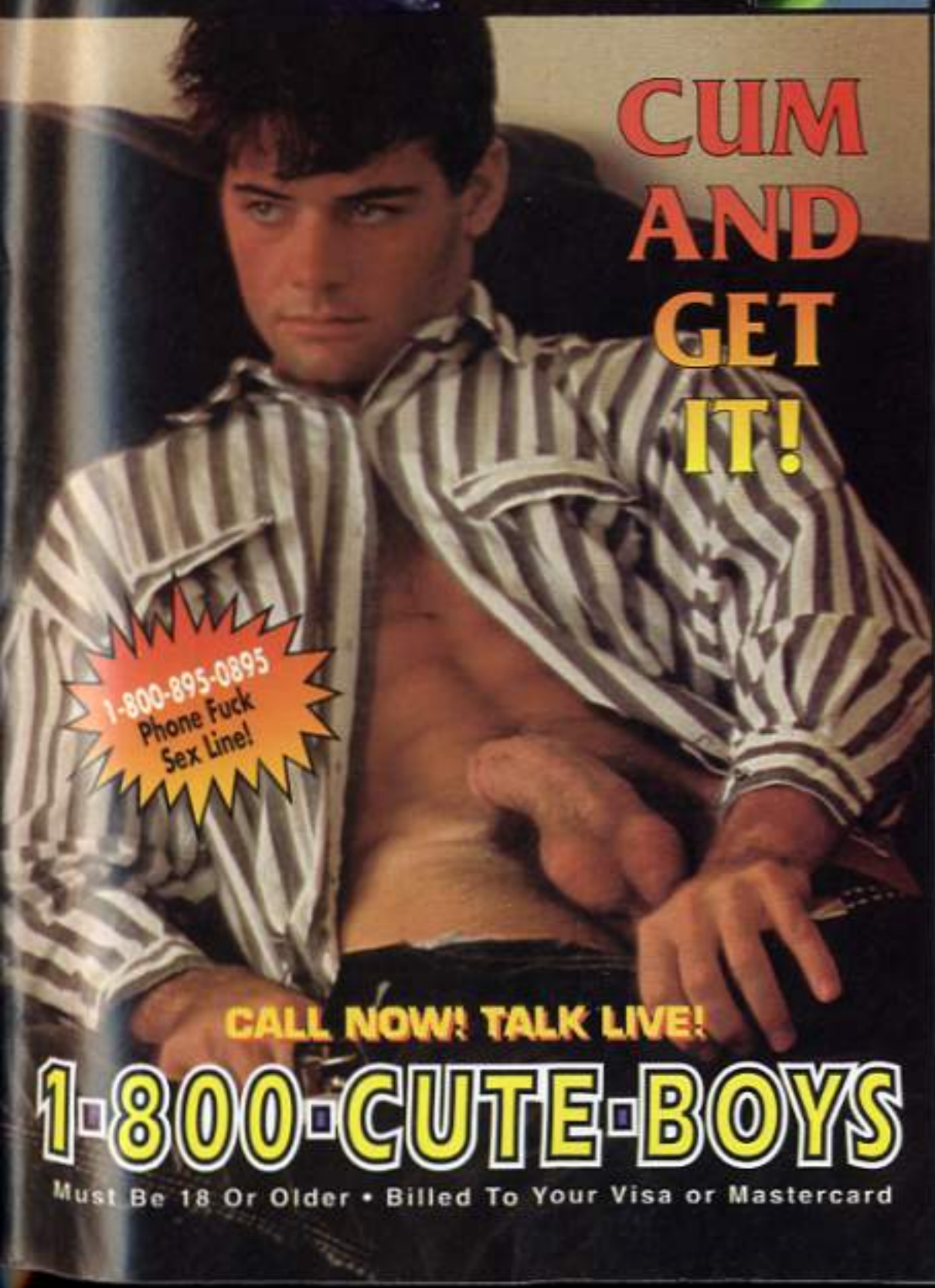
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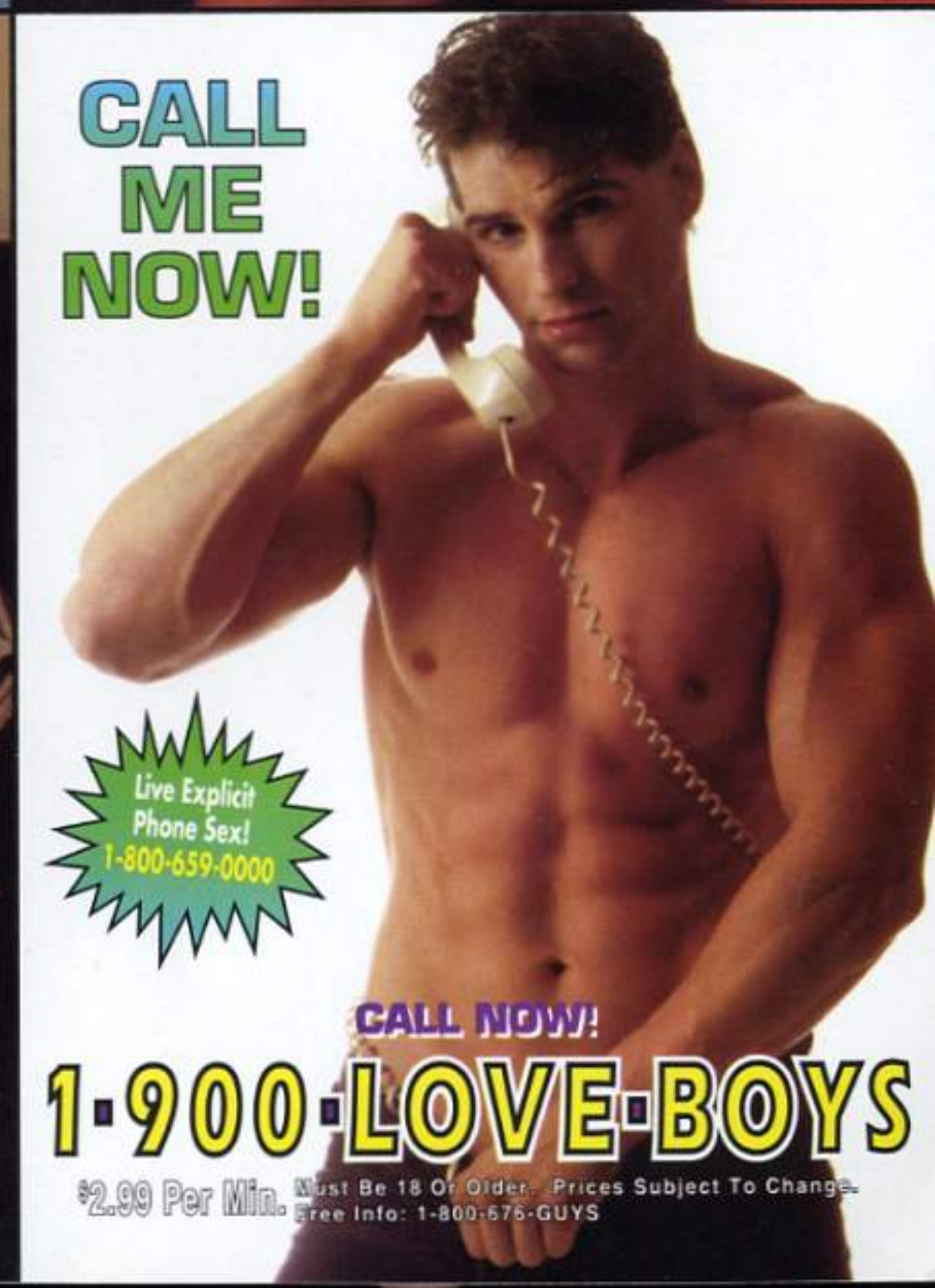
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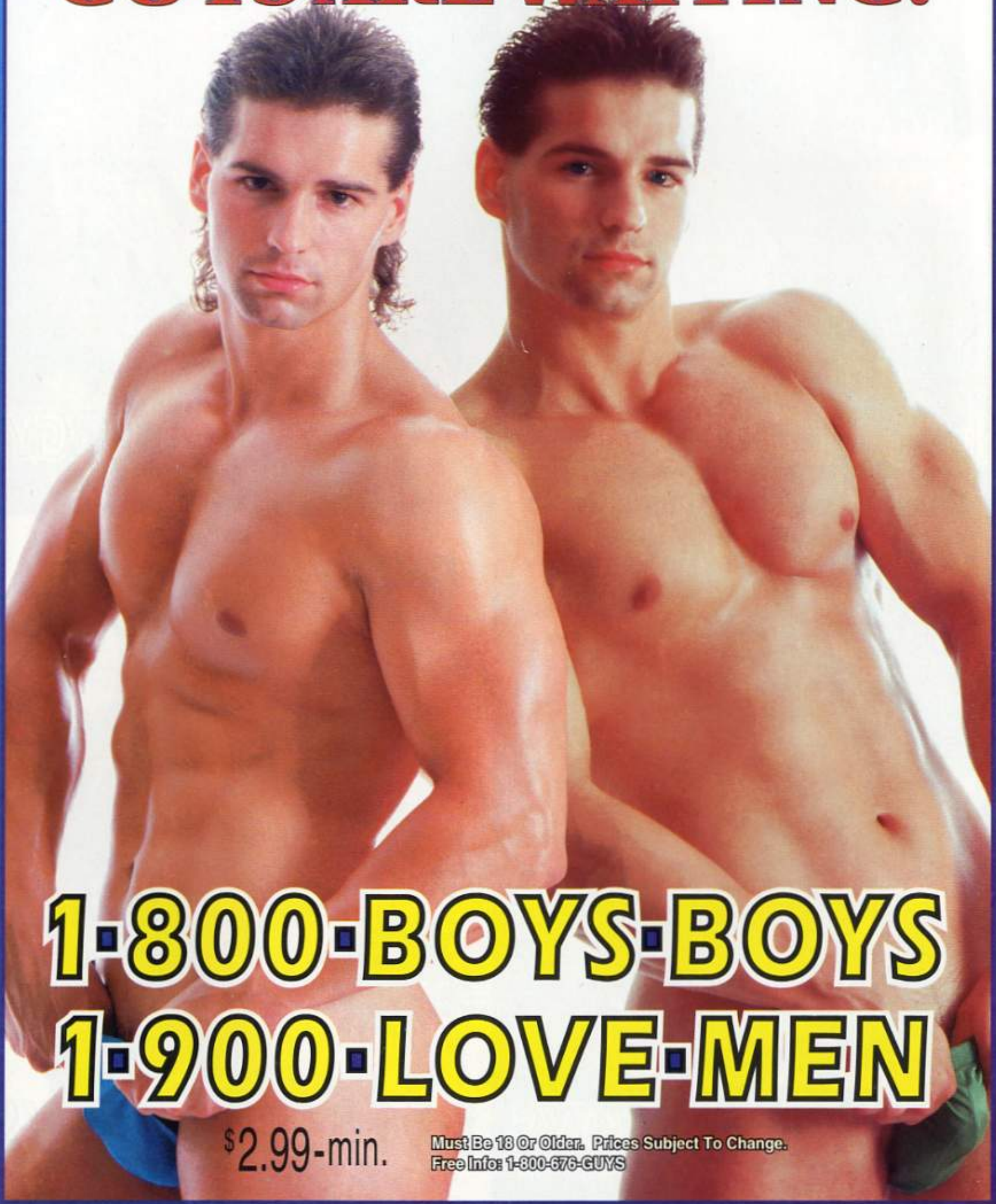

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